THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY JULIA.

"Lily of the Valley," born of sunbeams in May,
With bright silver petals in snowy array,
From out your soft corner the incense we greet
Seems trebly distilled, 'tis so pure and so sweet.
Bend low your chalice of snow; anthers gold,
Giving your odor to mylriade untold,
But, reserve one sweet breath in your silver crest rim,
For the fay humming bird who will soon dip within.

"Lily of the Valley," with silver white hue,
Deep in your cup sleeps a pearl drop of dew;
Through realms of blue ether, like diamond drops bright,
It hastened and fell from the "gray urn" of night.
It passed the sweet roses, without time to tally,
And asked the soft Zephyr for the flower of the valley.
The wind gently stirring, lifted up the white crest,
And the dew drops sank sweet and softly to rest.

"Lily of the Valley," with silver-bell hue,
Bathed in a shimmer of light misty dew,
How true are the lessons you teach us of Heaven,
In your beautiful trust to the dew Giver given.
You have finished one mission for which you were sent,
You teach me to Earth that I too am but lent,
And though whilst I'm here, I may pass under the rod,
Like you I will place all my trust in my God.

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

Mademoiselle Rosine gains some important information.

CHAPTER X.

"NO. ——."

Bert Thorne's emotions were anything but delightful when he was once more left to himself by the departure of the beautiful creature whose fresh young life he had made desolate; and I am sure neither you nor I, my reader, would have desired to be him—even with his handsome face and perfect figure—or to be master even of his elegant chambers, his servants, his horses and his princely income, if, together with those goods, we must have taken his follies, his sins, and the memories which, some time or other, would cluster spectre-like about his way.

"The little fool!" he muttered to himself, with set lips and lowering brow, "the little fool. I'm going to have her to torment me, with all the rest! Oh, these women—what nuisances they are when the fit seizes them!"

"The little fool." That was the way a gentleman(?) could speak of the woman his arts had ruined; the woman who would have periled everything—health, comfort, life itself, and counted the sacrifice cheap if thereby she might have purchased an existence of bliss for him; the woman who would have even sunk her own soul in deepest hell and deemed herself only too happy, if thus she, her king, her idol, might have reigned in heaven!

Bert Thorne's first move was to ring for fresh toast and hot coffee, having received which he made his long-delayed breakfast as coolly as though he had been a prince of the innocents, with but one business in life—and that to eat. This accomplished, and having written two letters, he substituted his tailor's last masterpiece for his fanciful morning attire, and lighting a cigar, sauntered down town.

But it is not upon his early promenade, or the manner in which he disposed of the remaining day, that I wish to fix your attention. It was not until ten o'clock of the evening that his movements were of the slightest account to us. That hour found him ascending the main stairway of No. —— Walnut street. It was not a remarkable stairway—neither was the building which it divided remarkable; it ended in the upper story (as a matter of course); but three landings this side of that it was crossed by a wide hall, and at the head of that hall, on the right, was a door leading to a room, no more remarkable than the two objects already alluded to. It was a small room, brilliant with gas-jets and warm furniture (conspicuous among which was a long white marble slab, mounted upon a base of oak handsomely carved, and with a background of crystal, ruby and gold), and was apt to give a stranger a feeling of surprise that its length and breadth should be so out of proportion to its height; but if the stranger happened to be taken in by "friends" (and he seldom came alone) who were "up" in the arrangements of the place, his surprise was quickly dissipated by a disclosure which he might have done very well without, inasmuch as it did not always result a few hours later strictly to his advantage.

Bert Thorne only stopped in this room long enough to supply himself with a fresh cigar. He then left it by a door—not the one through which he entered—conducting to a short passage terminating in a second door, which when opened revealed a saloon of magnificent size, elaborately frescoed in the richest designs, and glaring with gas-light and gilding. A long table extending through the centre of this apartment, divided it into sections, upon each of which lay little heaps of gold and silver, varying in number from five to twenty; said sections being guarded by more or less gentlemen, young and middle-aged, and all arrayed in extreme fashion, might have led an uninitiated person to the belief that he had been introduced into some extensive banking-house, until he saw upon either side smaller tables still more closely guarded and bearing upon their surface divers figures and circles, when he would probably have changed to the opinion that he had stumbled upon the "meet" of those philosophers and thinkers who elucidate the problems which puzzle the world.

But it was neither.

It was only a place where thoughtless, I am afraid reckless, "men about town" gathered of an evening (the rarer those evenings the better for them) "to try their luck;" and was known to its frequenters simply as "No. ——."

Bert Thorne was evidently one of those frequenters, for he was greeted with a noisy welcome by such of its occupants as were not too intensely interested in the business before them to have eyes and ears for anything else, with various offers and suggestions, which he met with a light laugh, or careless jest, containing, however, a positive refusal. He seemed to be looking for some one; for when he had made the tour of the saloon, closely scanning every face, he left it as he had come, going back into the little ante-room. Here he sat down, with another cigar and the evening paper. He sat thus for the best part of an hour, watching the arrivals, and was getting quite out of patience, when the hall door opened and a gentleman came in alone.

He was tall and slight, with a profuse black beard, hair and eyes of the same color, and thin, regular features; he wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, and, mild as was the weather, was closely wrapped in a heavy cloak. He stopped, as had his predecessors, before the marble slab with its carved oak support, and crystal, ruby and golden background; and was turning towards the saloon when a retaining hand was laid upon his arm. It was Bert Thorne's hand.

"I want to speak with you a moment, Luke," he said.

"Be quick then," the new comer returned, "I'm an hour behind time now." But, in spite of his apparent haste, he allowed himself to be conducted to a seat in the further corner of the room. When the two had taken chairs:

"Luke," said Bert Thorne, "do you remember Will Hastings?"

"Curse him!" cried the other fiercely, "I should think I did."

"Sh-h-h! don't talk so loud. Do you know where he is now?"

"In perdition, I hope."

"Very charitable of you! But do you know anything about him?"

"I did last year. I met Boyd in—let me see—it was May, I believe; he was in New Orleans then."

"Sure?"

"Oh, yes; Boyd said he saw him often."

Thorne sat for a moment thinking intently; then he looked up and asked:

"Is Boyd in New Orleans now?"

CHAPTER XI.

WHERE IS WILL HASTINGS?

The two men regarded each other in silence for a moment. Bert Thorne repeated his question:

"Is Boyd in New Orleans now?"

"Yes."

"Will you write him and ask about Will; if he is there yet, and all about him?"

"Why don't you write yourself?" was the quick interrogation. "You know Boyd as well as I do."

"I have reasons for wishing to keep my name out of the affair."

"Perhaps I might have. Don't try any of your games on me, Bert Thorne!"

"Don't you be a fool, Luke Holt. What game could I try—or what object should I have in trying it?"

"You have done such things," was the curt reply.

Instead of getting angry at this thrust, Thorne laughed.

"I'm not going to now, if I have, my hearty boy!" he said. "But if you're afraid, say so; and I'll look up another man to act for me."

"Who said anything about being afraid? What do you want me to do?"

"I told you before. Just write to Boyd and ask if Will is still in New Orleans, and all the particulars about him."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; that is all for the present."

"It's a great thing, I must say, to waste all this time on!" cried Holt, rising. "I could have won a cool five hundred while we've been gabbling here like two old women—and to about as much purpose."

"You may think differently when you know more," was the significant retort; "for instance, when the gabble puts a cool thousand into your pocket."

Holt set his hat on the back of his head and gave a long whistle.

"The deuce!" said he; "if that's the way the wind blows, I'll be four old women, with all the pleasure in life."

"There's no need of that. When you hear from Boyd let me know. I'm going home now; good-night."

"Aren't you on early?"

"Rather; I've got a confounded headache."

"Good-night, and good luck to you."

And so they parted.

CHAPTER XII.

"YES OR NO?"

Mons. Dechampe had engaged a new employee to dispense bon-bons and other French dainties to enamored youths, foolish parents and spoiled children. Mons. called her "Mademoiselle;" her fellow-waiters, "the new young lady;" elderly customers, "my dear," and ardent young America, "that charming little thing at old Dechampe's."

She was marvelously pretty—her most bitter enemy must have acknowledged that—with a form that had lost none of the grace of girlhood in developing into the fuller proportions of womanhood; large, dark eyes; a complexion clear as crystal; cheeks like the outer edge of a sweetbrier rose-leaf; full, red lips, that were never without a smile, and an abundance of lovely auburn hair.

Mademoiselle spoke English with the most bewitching accent; she did not say "ze" and "mooch," but the "z's" seemed extremely unwilling to leave her sweet little mouth (which is saying a good deal for their taste), and in moments of unusual excitement she would cry, "Merci!" and "Mon Dieu!" in the most enchanting tone; also she had a way of shrugging her shapely shoulders and crossing herself too irresistible to be described. And mademoiselle possessed a wit as sparkling as her face; no one ever got the better of her in badinage—alas! for the unlucky knight who attempted it—so, at length, she became quite noted for the brilliance and readiness of her repartees, and "as witty as Mademoiselle Rosine" became a common saying about town. This notoriety produced two results. In the first place, it increased M. Dechampe's profits in a single month to nearly double what his sales had ever been before; and, in the second, it secured to mademoiselle more attention than an ordinary woman would have known how to manage; but mademoiselle was extraordinary—ergo, she bore her honors with as much grace and ease as a butterfly carries the down on his wings, or the strong wind the delicate blossom which flutters away from beauty's careless grasp. The name of her admirers was "legion;" she counted one for every bon-bon she sold, and for each she had a look or a word, a word or a smile just suited to his peculiar disposition; just enough, and no more.

It is a great art, that of winning universal admiration, and the dark-eyed Rosine was complete mistress of it. I think the secret of her wonderful power was that she first contrived to make everybody pleased with himself, from which it was no difficult task to lead him into being pleased with her.

You would think that all this adulation would have made her vain and ambitious, but it did not; exacting and coquettish, but it did not. On the contrary, she still preserved the unaffectedness of speech and manner which had characterized her in the early days of her career, and proved her humility by favoring one of the most undesirable, both as regarded person and station, of her numerous adorers.

The name of this fortunate swain was Jones—plain Jim Jones—and he occupied the inferior position of *valet-de-chambre* to Mr. Bert Thorne.

Mr. B. T. had his dinner from Dechampe's when he dined at home, and Jones came around every morning with the orders, and thus commenced the acquaintance between himself and the pretty waiting-girl, which seems destined to grow into the strongest friendship. Jones was not young, neither was he handsome.

Why mademoiselle chose this man, when she might have had the master just as well, or what she saw in the aforenamed Jones (who was neither a genius nor a beauty) to please her fancy, were problems that agitated more minds than one, and to which I shall attempt no further explanation than by reminding you that, with all her attractions, both of face and speech, mademoiselle was still—a woman.

This tender affair had progressed so far that the fascinating Jones had, upon two occasions, held the slender hand (which more than one gay young profligate, with a larger supply of money than brains, would have given its bulk in gold to have been permitted to kiss) without feeling its weight upon his ear, when one morning, so wet that pleasure-seekers were glad to stay indoors and custom at Dechampe's was accordingly slack, "Monsieur Jones," said mademoiselle to that infatuated man, who stood as near to her as circumstances would permit, "Monsieur Jones——"

"Oh, Rosine!" interrupted Mr. J., with a look of reproach which would have done credit to the leading gentleman of a tragic theatre, "Oh, Rosine! why will you?"

Mademoiselle instantly assuming a look which would have done equally well for leading lady of the same place, asked:

"Why will I what?"

"Mr. Jones!"

"Oh! Well, then, Monsieur Jones."

"No, nor that either!" cried the enthusiastic valet, moved into a deeper display of his affection than he had yet been. "Away with forms and ceremony! What have they to do with two who love? Call me James—dear James, my adorable, as I call you dear Rosine!"

The snowy handkerchief, that had a moment before graced the pocket of mademoiselle's dainty little black silk apron, was hastily drawn forth, and carried to her face—was it to hide a blush or a smile?—and in tremulous tones, with a downcast look, she murmured:

"If you ask it—dear James."

The delighted Jones was silent for a moment in anticipation of further remark from his charmer; then, as she did not seem disposed to speak, "My dear," said he, "when you first addressed me you were about to say something?"

"Yes."

"May I venture to ask what it was?"

"I—I am afraid. I——"

"Afraid? Afraid with me, my divinity? Then do you not love me as I have dared to hope, since the—shem! awh! poet tells us that perfect love casteth out fear!"

Another call upon the white handkerchief, and this time the pretty head was dropped as well as the eyes.

"I—I had a favor to ask of you."

"Ask it; I shall be only too delighted. Ask it—by the one-half my kingdom, it shall be thine!"

"You have often declared you wished to do something to please me."

"I have."

"You can do that something now."

"Then I will."

Mademoiselle inclined a trifle near him. Her cheek wore its faintest rose, her lips their sweetest smile.

"Tell me about your master," she said, softly.

Mr. Jones drew himself back, and assumed a severe expression of countenance.

"What the deuce do you want to know about him for?"

"Mr. Jones!"

"Well, then don't aggravate a fellow so! What's set you thinking of him all of a sudden?"

"He's so handsome."

"Um!"

"And so stylish."

"Um-m-m!"

"And such a pleasant-spoken, liberal gentleman."

"Oh, confound his liberal pleasant-spokenness!"

Mademoiselle started back with a little gesture of affright.

"Ah! Mon Dieu, that's a fine way to go on, monsieur!" cried she.

"What's Bert Thorne had to say to you?" asked Jones firmly; "that's what I want to know?"

Mademoiselle coquetted with her handkerchief.

"Nothing much."

"I don't believe it!"

"You throw me back my word?" and mademoiselle stamped her little foot angrily. "You are no gentleman! Don't you ever come talking to me any more, you big, bearish, unmannerly creature you!"

Jones was alarmed. How dreadfully in earnest did she seem, to be sure. Perhaps she really did mean that it was all over between them, and great drops of perspiration stood thick on his square, lumpy forehead.

"Mademoiselle," he began, deprecatingly, but could not go further.

She would not help him with so much as one word.

"Mademoiselle Rosine."

"Well?"

"I didn't ought to have spoken so to you."

"That's what you didn't!"

"And I'm sorry for it, I swear!"

The little beauty leaned forward, and glanced up sideways into his face.

"You want to make up?"

"I'm blest if I don't!"

"Very well, I am ready. I'll forgive you on two considerations. The first is, that you never say such diabolical things to me again."

"Agreed, with all my heart!"

"And the second is, that you get me a look at Mons. Bert Thorne's apartments."

"What!"

"You heard what I said."

"Hang me, if I'll do it!"

"Then it's good-day, monsieur."

"Now, Rosine——"

"Oh! don't you now, Rosine, me; it's no use. Do as I desire you, or else don't you ever dare to even so much as look at me again!"

"But I can't see what good it would do you."

"Very likely."

"Won't you tell me?"

"No."

"I'm afraid——"

"Oh! if it has come to that, we won't say anything more."

"But it hasn't come to that!" cried poor Jones, taking fresh alarm at the cool resolution of her tone. "Only, you see, you're sure you ain't in love with him, Rosine?"

"Oh! as sure as can be."

"Because he isn't at all the man for a dear little girl like you to trust. Why, bless your innocent soul, you couldn't count on every one of your precious fingers, not with the thumbs thrown in, the hearts that young deceiver has trifled with and broke. If you knew him as well as I do, he'd never look handsome to you any more."

"I don't care anything about him," said mademoiselle, indifferently; "all I want is what I told you, and now do you tell me, Jones, is it going to be yes or no?"

"It'll be an awful breach of trust," said Jones, solemnly.

"Merci! you don't suppose I shall carry off anything?"

"But I've given you my promise, like," continued Jones, in the same lofty style, "and I mean to keep it. It'll be an awful breach of trust, and it wouldn't be strange if he broke my head if he found it out (for he never stands for trifles, Mr. Bert don't), but I'd do anything on earth to please you, Rosine, and the answer is going to be yes. Live or perish, sink or survive, swim or die, still," said Mr. Jones, with added impressiveness, "the answer is going to be yes!"

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"The answer is going to be yes," said Mr. Jones, fully resolved that "yes" it should be, and in spite of some ugly fears, based on a knowledge of his master's character, which thereafter occurred to him, so strong was this resolution that, on the second evening following, he appeared before his enslaver, big with valor, to redeem his promise.

Mademoiselle received him with sweet-voiced enthusiasm, attired herself in her newest bonnet and fur-trimmed cloak, rushed her little soft hands into a fresh pair of gloves, and announced herself ready. Whereupon the pair sallied forth, and in less than ten minutes were treading the wide hall which communicated with Bert Thorne's handsome apartments.

Some one was heard rapidly coming up the stairs.

"Hurry, Master Jones," said Rosine.

With nimble fingers Mr. Jones unlocked the massive oak door.

"Now, be quick, my dear," said he, nervously, and, putting his hands upon her shoulders, he gave a little push, which sent her forward, with more speed than grace, into the lofty room. "You see we run an awful risk of being observed, and if we had—well, it would have been all day with me; that's a certain fact!" This he added while he was relocking the door; having done which he took off his hat, and, wiping his flushed face, gave a long sigh of relief.

Mademoiselle seemed to appreciate his caution, for she said in a whisper:

"Is there likely to be any one here?"

"No; oh! no, not yet awhile; not for two or three hours, perhaps. Now, you sit down, my dear, and we'll have a little more light on the subject."

"It is light enough now."

But Jones did not seem to think so, and without heeding her remark he walked over to the chandelier and proceeded to turn on another gas-jet in addition to the two already burning, which were hardly sufficient to light the spacious room.

"Don't!" cried mademoiselle. She

spoke the word with such vehemence and in so strange a tone that Jones turned around in great surprise to see what it all meant.

Mademoiselle sat in the large crimson fauteuil to which her lover had conducted her, her bonnet crushed against the thick heavy cushion and her arms hanging nerveless over the sides; her face was like marble, and her eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

Jones gave a great cry of fear, and sprung to her side.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter with you, Rosine?"

The movement roused her. She drew her arms up into her lap, and tried to sit upright, but the effort was too much for her, and she fell back to her former resting-place.

Jones knelt down and attempted to make her lean upon him, but she shrunk away with a violent shudder.

"My dear girl, what is it ails you?" cried he in tones whose fervor left no room to doubt the nature of his feelings for her.

"You love me?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes, I do!"

"My Maker forgive me!" she murmured, and a great scalding tear, and another, and another, rolled down her pallid cheeks. She wiped them away with her little hands, and they seemed to do her good, for she sat up and smiled a little, and "See!" she cried, in a faint but cheery voice, "foolish child that I am, I have quite spoiled my nice new gloves."

"What made you do it?"

"What makes a woman do everything that is simple? Hush! what is that?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"I did—a step. Suppose it should be some one coming here? Suppose it were your master?"

"Oh! that can't be," returned Jones, reassuringly; "he's safe to stay away till——"

There he stopped. The confident look died away instantly from his face, and he turned white as a day-old corpse.

"It is—it's him, and somebody else besides," he gasped. "Oh! glory, the mischief will be to pay now!"

Mademoiselle seemed endowed with new energy.

"He must not see me," she said, and her voice had now no tremor in it.

"Confound this door! what's the matter with it?" cried a voice in the hall, which Jones had no difficulty in distinguishing as his master's. "I believe it's locked on the inside. Jones!"

"You can't get in till I let you," muttered the valet, spitefully; "swearing won't make a key."

"Hide me somewhere," murmured Rosine.

"I don't know where; there ain't a place but the wine-closet, and you'd stifle in there."

"Jones! Jones!" shouted the voice outside.

Mademoiselle glanced hastily around. There were the windows, but the curtains being of lace rendered them unsuitable for her purpose; there were various articles of furniture, but not one that offered even tolerable shelter. Suddenly her eye fell upon a high Indian screen in a farther corner of the room.

"That will do," she said, indicating it with her slender finger.

"You'd have to stand up, and they may stay here half the night," objected Jones.

"Then I'll stand?" she said, stoutly. And running over to the friendly screen, she squeezed herself behind it, drew it up as close to the wall as possible, and thus stood with little chance of detection; while Jones, in spite of his fright, watched her movements with open mouthed admiration.

"Jones!" was the shout, for about the dozenth time, from the hall.

Jones unbuttoned his waistcoat, untied his necktie, and run his hands four or five times through his hair; then he gave a loud groan.

"Who are you, and what do you want? My master isn't to home," he cried, in dull drawly tones.

"Open the door, you fool!"

Thus commanded, he shuffled towards the door, which he opened after some delay, and stood on the threshold, blinking and yawning like one suddenly aroused from a sound sleep. He found himself confronted by Bert Thorne and a tall stranger, wearing a heavy cloak and thick felt hat.

Thorne greeted him with an oath.

"What do you mean by keeping me out in this style, you puppy!" he cried violently. "I've half a mind to give you a good caning for it!"

"Better not," said the stranger, with a low laugh, "its too deuced hot!"

"You said you should'nt be at home for three or four hours, and it don't begin to be that yet," whined Jones, playing to perfection the part of injured innocence. "I got set down, and I must have dropped asleep before I knew it."

"That story may do now," was the significant retort, "but mind you don't have occasion to tell it again." And, thus saying, he led the way into the parlor, when his first step was to call for pipes and brandy; having been served to which, he ordered Jones to withdraw, adding in a rough tone of will, the command that he should not go beyond call, or be caught again that night napping.

When he was alone with his guest, he filled a glass with the cognac, and reached it to his companion, pushing forward the decanter at the same time, with the injunction that he should "not be afraid of it." He did not drink himself; taking a pipe instead.

The stranger drank the fiery liquor in a breath, and helped himself to some more. Thorne did not speak till he had emptied his third glass, he then said:

"Take it slower now, my boy, and let's do a bit of talking."

The other laughed.

"Why, you're as curious as an old woman!" he said, derisively.

Bert bit the amber mouth-piece of his meerschaum savagely, and seemed on the point of making an angry retort; but he restrained it, contenting himself with saying, somewhat haughtily:

"Oh! women seem to be favorite objects of comparison with you, Holt."

"Yes, there's such a variety among them, you know! I've written to Boyd."

"So you told before."

"And I've had a reply from him."

"Prompt was'nt he?" This was said with the utmost indifference, as though the subject was of no interest whatever.

"Boyd always was an obliging fellow."

"Oh, so, so. He says there's a good prospect for yellow fever this summer; and, apropos, Will Hastings is dead—went under six months ago; shot through the heart in some kind of a fracas over cards. He was an out-and-out dare devil, Will was; I always said something of the sort would happen to him."

Thorne uttered a loud oath, and struck the table such a blow with his clenched hand that the glasses rattled.

"Why, curse me! I should think you were crazed;" cried Holt in surprise. "What's the matter with you, man?"

But he got no answer from Bert, who sat for full ten minutes in profound thought, without a word. Presently he looked up and scanned his companion's face with keen attention.

"You're a good one at keeping a secret, Holt?" he said.

"Well, pretty fair; especially if its worth my while."

"I've got one that I'm going to trust you, and I'll make it worth your while." And laying aside his pipe, he leaned forward and commenced talking in lower tones, and with great eagerness and rapidity.

For nearly two hours longer the interview continued. Then Holt rose from his chair. "I'm your man as soon as you say when," he remarked. And drawing his cloak around him, and resuming his hat, with a careless "Good-night, my son," he went away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ONLY A BABY."

Only a baby! a helpless little soul who had never yet lived for anything but to be cared for—who had neither words nor thoughts—who must have perished, like a plucked flower, of a few hours' neglect; but it was hers, her baby, and so not like any other thing in the world. What do you know, who never had one, of the touch of the little hands against her breast—of its lips there, soft and warm—of the little nipping nails that hurt so cunningly that the pain was pleasure—of the long talks it used to have with mamma, when it said "da," and "ma," and "ooo," and "ta-ta," and meant so much? What can you guess of the thrills that went through her when "baby took notice"—when its wonderful good sense taught it to reach out for an orange and bob it with both hands against its nose, and make vain efforts to swallow it whole?

What do you know of the feeling of utter possession which nothing else can give a woman but her baby? It is all hers—hers in secret, before any one else knew of it—hers while it was only a dream, a flutter of her own heart, a sob of her own breath—hers when she took it first to her arms, a downy handful that only a woman dare touch, even then a compensation for all suffering. It looked—it always does look, to a mother's eyes—like "papa." It is his, too, and he is hers, but baby is still more her own. A husband may have loved before; a little bit of his heart may have been, or may be, somebody else's; he may even once have had another wife—at least, there is some one somewhere who has his friendship, or a ship he loves, or a profession he pursues, or a dog he pets, or a horse he is fond of; but baby never had but one mother—never can have; nothing has any claim upon him, nothing could entice him from her bosom.

Baby! baby! In the night its little cry waked her from dreams to sweeter thoughts than any dreams could hold. In the morning, perhaps, it had crept up and put its velvet cheek against hers, thrilling her as the first love-kiss did, with its tiny touch. She wondered at the women who long to be no women, that they may struggle fiercely on life's arena by man's right. She could struggle also for baby; but there is no joy like being baby's mother—his baby's mother whom she loved. And her man-child lying on her bosom tells her a tale and sings her a song that only mothers ever hear; and she knows that when God made woman the mother of men, He gave her the highest honor that life holds.

And now—now—baby is dead! The sweetness is taken from her soul, the warmth from her heart. For a while it must seem as though there were nothing more for her under the sun. It will never come to pass that she shall see it a boy. She shall never pridefully gaze upon the school medal he would have been sure to win. Nor shall she look up at him, taller than her by a head, broad-shouldered and stalwart, and be glorified in having him for a son. There is nothing now but a baby image of clay put away under a coffin lid.

Only a baby! Ah, no; more than that. The beautiful mystery over which she dreamed is gone. The veiled hope that flitted down the future has followed it. The downy armful has left her, and the little thing in frocks and red shoes, and the boy with his shrill, clear voice and merry ways, and the youth of such rare promise, and the grand perfect man without fault or blemish—so many things that she had in the past, or in the present, or that were to come to her in the future; and you say—you who know nothing of it at all—"Only a baby!"

AN OLD ADAGE.

"Never cry for spilt milk," is an adage venerable for its age, and full of wisdom, as applicable to a great many things.

Your favorite dog has suddenly disappeared; your most valuable horse has fallen lame; the frost has nipped your corn and killed your early beans; the midge has ruined your wheat, and your rye doesn't fill well; your new cow, that cost a hundred dollars, has kicked over the pail just as it was filled with warm, rich milk: don't cry for spilt milk—what's the use? It is necessary to your happiness to bear with philosophic unconcern the unavoidable and almost innumerable little ills which beset every human pathway.

The wisdom of the maxim which we have quoted, however, is incomplete unless it be coupled with another, not usually laid down in connection with it, which is this: *Don't spill your milk.* If the milk be spilled through your fault, and you apply the maxim, not to cry for spilt milk, you simply supplement culpable negligence with a foolish indifference.

When any evil or unhappiness befalls you, look calmly at the causes and occasion of it, and see whether more caution on your part might not have avoided them; and if you find they might, then be more careful to shun the producing causes in the future.

It is not worth while to waste the precious moments of this short life in idle regrets. On the other hand, it is not well to go on repeating the follies from which one has already suffered, or renewing indiscretions which are sure to bring renewed penalties.

THOSE who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

STOVE LUSTRE, when mixed with turpentine, and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and enduring than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when applied to an old rusty stove, will make it look like new.

TO MAKE a good scrap book paste, mix a quantity of corn starch in water, stirring it until a thin, smooth paste, free from lumps; place it on the stove and let it boil slowly, stirring it frequently, boil as starch; this makes an excellent paste that will keep well, and is useful for many purposes.

TO PRESERVE SEA-WEEDS.—Sea-weeds may be collected at any time, but summer is the most agreeable season for this interesting work. Put each specimen in a plate full of water, it will then be easy to spread out and arrange the branches or fibres. Then introduce a sheet of paper under the sea-weed, and carefully raise it out of the water, the specimen will be beautifully displayed upon the paper, and when dry will be found attached to the paper by means of the gluten in the sea-weed.

ROSE TINCTURE.—As this is the season of roses, whose delicious fragrance almost fills the air, the following for making a cheap and delightful rose tincture for the handkerchief may be of interest: take the leaves of roses, place them without pressure, in a bottle containing proof alcohol, close tightly, and now and then give the vessel a gentle shake. The extract will be found little inferior to attar of roses, a few drops will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with delicious odor. If found too strong add more alcohol.

TO DESTROY BUGS, ANTS, ETC.—No insect which crawls can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chinch bugs and all the myriads of crawling pests which infest our houses during the heated term. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the stove until the alum is all melted; then apply with a brush while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closet, bedsteads, pantry-shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful:

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Butter, when soft, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Loaf-sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.

White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.

Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint, eight are a gill, four half a gill, etc.

LARRY'S GHOST.

BY H. W.

Me cousin, Biddy Brady, had an illegant way wid her of tellin' sthories; she would have ye that ye wouldn't be worth a rush wid laughin' one minit, an' meltin' away inthirely wid tears, like a tallow-candle, the next. Many's the hour I've sat by the light ov the turf fire listenin' till her. But's she gone now—may the saints rest her sowl! an' it'll be long afore I'll see the like ov her again. The sthory I'm goin' to tell ye, she tould me wid her own lips; an' I give it to ye as near as I can mind it.

"D'ye mind pretty Rose Terry?" sez she.

"Rightly," sez I.

"Well," sez she, "Rose married Larry O'Leary, though I own it was sore agin the wishes of her family; for ye see, though Larry was as clever a blade as iver swung a shillaleh, he was a gay boy, and greatly given till take a dhrap over often. Ye see it wor a clear case ov love at first sight, for they met at the May fair; an' what betwixt Rose's black eyes and her nate dancin', Larry felt that he no longer belonged till himself; while she, that had had the best offers in the country around, an' had turned up her little nose at thim all, felt her heart givin' way before Larry's bold, handsome manner. Well, they wor married; an' ould Terry did the dacent thing in givin' thim an illegant weddin', to which all the boys an' girls for miles around wor invited; an' they had lashins' ov aitin' and drinkin'; an' Paddy, the piper, played himself mad, an' wasn't able till see his way home, though it wor good break of day whin he left; he said it was the shape that ailed him; but my word for it, there wor a sthronger spirit nor shape at work on Paddy's eyes.

"An' the young couple set up for themselves, in a nate way; an' there wasn't man nor woman, far nor near, that didn't wish thim good luck, for they wor great favorites in the country. As I said afore, it wor pure love from the minit they set eyes on each other; so ye may guess they wor as happy in their honeymoon as iver wor man an' woman. Rose had her own way inthirely, as every pretty, smart girl will; an' she would have been the proudest wife in all the land but for one thing, an' that wor Larry was still given till takin' a dhrap at times, which wor purty often; for ye see there couldn't be a wake nor a fair but he must be at it; for he bate all for life an' spirits. There's many a woman would have been contint to have a gay, dashin', kind husband; but Rose wor sinsible, an' she know that that one fault ov Larry's would grow till it would cover all his vartues intirely, an' thin her happiness would be gone. She didn't rason wid him, for she knew if he didn't give it up for love ov her, her words would have no effect; an' she didn't scowld him, for she had the wisdom to know that in this way she would lose his love, an' so lose her influence over him.

"It wor three months afther their marriage, an' Larry had gone down one evenin' till ould Dinnis Ryan's wake, an' Rose sat her lone by the fire, thinkin'. As good luck would have it, Mike Terry, Rose's only brother, dhrapped in; an' seein' her lone, and lookin' sarious like, he fell till tazin' her on bein' onhappy; at the same time, knowin' rightly, rogue that he wor, that she wor the envy ov ivery woman about.

"'Now, Mike,' sez Rose, 'lave off yer jokin', for its jokin' ye are; shure ye know I wouldn't change lot wid a Queen,' an' Rose give her head a pretty little toss that made Mike say—'Well, by me sowl, I think a queen would be willin' till change lot wid *you!*' for ye see for rale, natural born beauty, Rose, couldn't be bate.

"'Have done wid yer blarney, an' listen till what I'm goin' till say,' sez she, 'I've got an idea in me head.'

"'Have ye, now?' sez Mike. 'Well, don't burden yersilf long wid it, me dear, for a woman's head is a poor place for anything ov the kind.'

"'Yes, I have an idea,' sez she, 'an' it came till me as I wor sittin' here me lone, just afore ye came in. Ye know, Mike, I'm the blissidest wife that iver wor born, except in the matter ov one thing; an' this is, Larry's habit ov bein' over fond ov a dhrap ov the craythure. An' this one thing is *everything* to me, Mike; for shure don't I know there's been many a gay-sailin' vessel wrecked by one bit ov a rock; an' many's the woman, betther desarvin' nor me, has begun her married life in smiles, an' ended it in tears; an' all for that *one* thing. Now, Mike, listen; I've a plan in me mind, an' I'll carry it out, an' cure Larry, or die ov a broken heart in the ind. Ye see, Mike, ye wor always good at thricks an' sich like; an' what I want is, that ye'll get yersilf up like a ghost, an' meet Larry to-night afther he laves Ryan's. Ye're till mate him this side Craig Hill, where the road narrows off at the turn; an' I lave it till yer own smartness to give him a fright. For mind ye, Mike, it's a *fright* I want him to have; a fright that'll bring him till his rason, an' do him good for the rest ov his days. For I'm convinced this is the only threatment that'll cure him. Though he's as bould as a lion about iverything else, he's as feard as death ov a ghost.'

"Now, if iver Mike Terry loved anybody, it was his sistor; an' he would have tuck his right hand off for her happiness; an', moreover, bein' greatly given till fun and deviltry, it wor a rich thrate for him to play off this trick on poor Larry. So he lost no time, but kissin' Rose, he hurried off home, to plan how he would do.

"It was ten o'clock whin he left, an' Rose put fresh turf on the fire, an' took her knittin' to while away the time, for Larry would not be back till midnight. The little kitten was fast asleep on the hearth, and Rose could have slept, too, had she not had her great project to keep her awake.

"It might have been half-past twelve o'clock, whin there came a sound as ov some one runnin' in great haste, an' in a minit more the door was burst open, an' Larry rushed in, pale an' breathless.

"Rose started up, as if in dismay, an' thin closin' the door, an' puttin' her back agin it, she asked Larry if he would have the civility to tell her what he meant by this outlandish conduct.

"'Arrah, whist! Rose, dear,' sez he, 'shure, I've seen a ghost, an' am kilt an' murthered inthirely!'

"'Ah!' sez Rose—'I see now how it is, an' it's what I've been expectin' this many a day. It wor a sorry day for me whin I left me father's house. I had me choice of the best boys in the counthry, an' this is what I've come to for takin' a man that loves a *dhrap* betther nor the woman he promised to love an' cherish.'

"With this, she sat herself down on the stool by the fire, an' throwin' her apron over her face, fell to sobbin' an' moanin'. The sight of her tears brought Larry till his sinses sooner nor anything else could have done, for they wor the first she had shed since he married her.

"'Listen, alunick!' sez he, dhrappin' down on his knees afore her an' puttin' his two arms about her neck; 'it's truth I'm tellin' ye, an' no lie; an' may the divil take me if I took a dhrap more nor usual. But this wor the way ov it, Rose; dear; I parted wid the boys that wor at Dinnis Ryan's, at the road leadin' by Widdy Glenn's barn, an' came along undher the light ov the moon till I reached Craig Hill, whin all ov a suddint a cloud came over the moon, an' just as I got till the turn of the hill, a great white figure started up an' sthretched its long skeleton arms afore me, as if till kape me from comin' forrad. But not a bit ov me thought ov stirrin' a step; for ye see I wor took wid a quare feelin' as if I had turned intill a big tree, that had its roots stuck firm in the ground. If the divil himsilf had been behint me, I couldn't have stirred a step. Well, there stood the ghost, and there stood me; an' at last the ghost sez, in a quare-soundin' voice, as if it came from the ground: "Larry O'Leary, I'm come for ye!"

"'Well, if ye'll b'lave me, Rose, I fell to shakin' at this, till me very teeth clatthered in me head, an' I thought by this time it wor best for me to say somethin', an' not be whipped off widout so much as "by yer lave;" so whin I could get the management ov me tongue, I sez, sez I, "May I make so bowld as till ask who yer rivirence is, an' what's wantin' ov me?"

"'Sez he, "I'm the ghost ov poor Ted Reilly, that came till his death wid dhrinkin', an' wor found dead in the ditch."

"'At this I shook the more; an' thin the ghost proceeded to tell me that havin' been under the ground in a warrum place, wid a lot ov fellows like him, that wor havin' a good time, wid lots of hot dhrink till their hearts' content, that his mind couldn't rest at aise till he had come to fetch me till the enjiment. "For," sez he, "Larry, the company isn't complate at all at all widout ye; so they jist bid me come for ye; "for," sez they, "he's one of uz, an' it's small good he'll do where he is."

"'Whin I heard this, an' thought ov ye, Rose, I dhrapped on me knees, an' crossin' mesilf, I fell till praying like a thief. The ghost sees this, and he seems staggered like, an' he sez, sez he, "I'll tell ye what it is, Larry, I'll lave ye for the prisint, if ye'll promise till give up the dhrink inthirely. But mind ye, if ye touch a dhrap from this night forrad, I'll be back for ye, an' divil a chance ye'll have ov a *second* escape. An' now," sez he, comin' a little nearer till me, "stay on yer knees, ye spalpeen ye! an' swear by the ghost ov Ted Reilly ye'll niver touch a taste agin."

"'Ye may be sure I swore wid a right good will; an' thin the ghost sez to me—"Kape yer eyes shut, Larry, for I won't disthress ye wid seein' me depart for regions undher ground." I kep' me eyes shut, as he bid me, an' whin I opened thim, he had gone clane out ov sight; thin I took till me heels, an' niver stopped till I reached the door.

"'An' now, Rose, listen! Ye know that ye're the very light ov me life, an' forbye that one fault I had, there wasn't a betther husband to be found; an' will ye thrust me now, whin I say that I take the blissid Vargin an' all the saints in glory till witness, that so long as my name's Larry O'Leary, I'll niver taste another dhrap?'

"Ye may aisily belave Rose thrusted an' forgave him, an' two happier sowls wor not to be found this side Paradise.

"Whin the sthory came out, as sthories always does, there wor great wonther an' consarn about it, an' it made an impriss-ion for good on more nor one lad in the neighborhood. An' Rose an' Mike kep' the secret well, an' till the day ov his death, Larry niver knew but what it was a rale ghost he saw."

OUR SUPERCARGO.

BY W. J. ROSS.

[CONCLUDED.]

On acquainting Mr. Foster with what had passed in my interview with Wallworth, he at once invited the captain and me to accompany him to his residence, in order to consider what plan of action we should pursue with a view of serving Wallworth. On reaching the house, Mr. Foster at once led the way to the sitting-room, where we found his daughter gazing listlessly out of the window. She turned round on hearing us enter; and her pale cheeks and swollen eyes gave ample proof that she had been greatly shocked and grieved by the terrible events of the last few hours. Her interest in Wallworth's welfare was soon made equally apparent; for the instant she saw me she came towards me, and, gazing earnestly in my face, exclaimed:

"O, Mr. Johnstone, *you* don't believe that my Harry has done this!"

"I do not," I replied emphatically. "It is a very sad affair, and the circumstances attending it are to me incomprehensible; but I am firmly convinced that Wallworth is entirely innocent of it."

"O, thank you—thank you!" she said, taking my hand and pressing it warmly, and then, giving way to a burst of grief, hastily quitted the room.

After an hour's anxious deliberation, we were forced to the conclusion that all that could then be done for Wallworth was to provide him with the best available legal assistance. Accordingly I waited upon a solicitor of local eminence, to place the matter in his hands.

Although he expressed no positive opinion, I could see from his manner that he gave no credence to Wallworth's protestations of innocence.

"There is of course," he said, "always a *possibility* of explaining away circumstantial evidence; but at present the case against your friend seems to be particularly strong and conclusive. He is sure to be sent for trial," he continued, looking at the memorandum of my statement, which he had taken down; "but it wants more than three months to the assizes; and in the meantime I will do my utmost to discover any evidence of an exculpatory character, and will retain the best barristers on the circuit for his defence."

I visited Wallworth again on the Monday, in order to take leave of him for a time, as we were to sail on the following day, and did not expect to return until a week or ten days before the assizes. On this occasion he again assured me of his innocence; and though fully alive to the danger of his position, he was in tolerably good spirits. After parting from him, I saw Mr. Foster and the lawyer; and, having arranged with them to write to me at Bermuda, I returned to the Charles Edward, which early the next morning steamed out of port.

On the seventh night of our being out, we were running under canvas; and being thus relieved from duty, I was walking the deck, pondering over all the circumstances connected with the murder of the unfortunate Marlow, and trying to think of some theory of its commission consistent with the innocence of Wallworth. But my thinking was all in vain; for after cogitating on the matter for between two and three hours, I only succeeded in getting my thoughts into a state of hopeless confusion. So, giving up all hope of "seeing my way out" that night, I leaned idly against the bulwarks, and softly whistled to myself as I gazed vacantly over as much of "the wild waste of waters" as was visible in the dim starlight. How long I remained in this listless attitude and apathetic frame of mind, I cannot say; but I have often thought since that I must have been dozing for some time. However that may have been, I was suddenly startled by hearing distinctly, as though spoken by some person close to my ear, a phrase which in the course of our numerous conversations the captain had frequently made use of: "*It must have been done by some one connected with the ship, or the notes would not have been found on board,*" I turned abruptly to the side from which the sound appeared to proceed; but there was no one there, nor could I see any one on the same part of the deck as myself. Thoroughly roused by this incident, I again began to pace the deck; but still the words, "It must have been done by some one connected with the ship," seemed to ring in my ears for several seconds. As soon as the sound ceased, there came to my mind, not by any process of reasoning, but instantly, and like a flood of light, an idea which I *felt* contained the *real* explanation of the murder for which Wallworth had been arrested. I was greatly agitated by the terrible nature of the thought which had now taken possession of me, and the sudden and strange manner in which it had occurred; so I retired to my berth, with the determination of "sleeping upon it" before imparting to any one the suspicions to which it had given rise.

My sleep was neither dreamless nor very refreshing; still I awoke in the morning in a much calmer frame of mind than I had been in when I "turned in" on the previous night; and on reflecting upon the idea which had occurred to me so unexpectedly, I began to be surprised that it should not have forced itself upon my notice before. After indulging in a good dip in cold water, and making a light breakfast, I had a short conversation with the third engineer, and then waited upon the captain.

"Good-morning, Will," he said, removing the cigar from his mouth, and speaking from his side of the cloud of smoke that hung between us, as I entered the cabin in response to his cheery "Come in." "You don't look over-well," he went on, as the smoke dispersing enabled us to "sight" each other. "Not come to report yourself sick, I hope?"

"No," I answered; "I am quite well; but I've come to speak to you upon a very serious subject."

"Speak on, then, Will," he said. "I'm all attention; and as serious as an heir-expectant at a will-reading."

Notwithstanding his bantering manner, I knew that he was "all attention," and so went straight to the point by saying:

"Well, what I wish to tell you is, that I think I can now see my way out of Wallworth's affair."

"The deuce you can!" he said with a start, and laying down the cigar which he had been about to replace in his mouth.

"Well, I believe I can," I answered; "but before I mention my suspicions, may I ask if, when you so frequently expressed your opinion that the murder must have been committed by some one connected with the ship, you suspected any one in particular?"

"No," he answered, shaking his head.

"Well, God forgive me," I said, "if I suspect any man unjustly of being guilty of such a fearful crime; but I now strongly suspect a man who is at present on board of being the murderer."

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed; "be careful how you make such an accusation against any one. Have you any sound reasons, anything, for instance, that would be fairly admitted as evidence in a court of justice, to justify your suspicions?"

"I have," I replied, "or I would never have entertained or mentioned suspicions of so grave a character."

"And who, then, is the man?" he asked.

"Before I mention his name," I replied, "understand me, I do not wish what I am about to say to be repeated to any one else at present. I would not tell my suspicions even to you, only I wish to ask your permission, and perhaps assistance, to set a watch upon the movements of the suspected party, and to take any other steps that will be likely to prove whether my suspicions are correct or otherwise."

"Well," he answered, "if you will satisfy me that you have reasonable cause for your suspicions, I will give you any assistance in my power to verify or set them at rest. And now, who is the man?"

"Fleming, the fireman," I said, lowering my voice. "As I said before," I continued, seeing that the captain was for the moment too surprised to speak, "may God forgive me if I am suspecting an innocent man; but I now firmly believe that it was Fleming who murdered the poor fellow whose untimely end is laid to Wallworth's charge."

"By Jove! I believe you've hit it this time, Will!" exclaimed the captain, interrupting me as I was about to commence an explanation of my reasons for believing Fleming to be the murderer. "I'm astonished," he went on, "that neither of us ever thought of him before, for it was he that went to Foster's for you; and, according to what you have often told me of what occurred there, he must have been leaving about the same time as the murdered man; and as the latter stood in the hall talking to Miss Foster, Fleming must have noticed the cargo of jewelry he carried."

"And not only that," I said, "but I now recollect that while speaking, Marlow was putting the loose money which he had brought from the card-table into a purse which appeared to be well filled, and every time the money chinked, Fleming gave a quick, furtive glance at him. And then," I continued, checking the captain with a gesture as he was about to speak, "when Fleming left the house, there was no servant in the hall, and I had turned to go upstairs again before he reached the door, so that he had every opportunity to take Wallworth's stick from the stand. On questioning the third engineer this morning, I find that Fleming did not return on board on the morning of the murder till several hours after me; that when he did come, he was very excited, and his dress was muddy and disordered; and that he offered no explanation either of his lengthened absence from the ship or the damaged state of his clothes when the engineer reprimanded him."

"What sort of a fellow is he in a general way?" asked the captain.

"Well, I may say that his character would not be of service to him in an affair of this kind," I replied. "He's a good fireman, and obedient enough where duty is concerned; but he's of a savage, brutal temper, and from what I've heard his mates say, he shows a cupidity of disposition that, to say the least of it, is rather uncommon among seagoing men."

"Well, I begin to think we shall be able to extricate Harry from this mess, after all," said the Captain, when I had finished speaking; "for the only real piece of evidence against him are his stick and the bank-notes; and if we can account for them in a manner consistent with his innocence, why, the thing is done. Now, what you say suggests a very feasible explanation for the finding of the stick, and I think I can account for the finding of the notes in a manner equally as feasible and as consistent with the theory of Wallworth's innocence and Fleming's guilt; for I remember that the latter stood within a few feet of me when the clerk was telling me of Wallworth's arrest, and that the police were going to board us. As the clerk was excited and spoke in a loud tone, Fleming could not help hearing what was said, and he had plenty of opportunities between the time of the clerk's leaving the vessel and the arrival of the detectives to enter Wallworth's berth and secrete the notes there."

From a consideration of these circumstances, the captain and I were fully satisfied in our own minds that Fleming was the murderer; and as the friends of Wallworth, our next step was to consider how we might best obtain some satisfactory evidence of his (Fleming's) guilt. After a long consultation, we arranged that each of us should privately make inquiries concerning his proceedings on the morning of and since the murder, and that I should confide my suspicions to one of the firemen, an intelligent young fellow on whom I could rely. I was to instruct him to keep a close watch upon the movements of Fleming, and to sound him upon the subject of the murder. This arrangement was perseveringly carried out, and in the course of two days the captain had ascertained that a few minutes before the detectives came on board, the mate had seen Fleming coming out of Wallworth's berth, and though he took no notice at the moment, he remembered it after the detectives had left the ship, and had then asked him what he had been doing there. Fleming replied that he had overheard the conversation between the clerk and the captain, and had slipped into Wallworth's berth with the intention of secretly removing any evidence of guilt that he might find before the arrival of the detectives, but, that, seeing nothing of a suspicious

character, he was leaving when the mate saw him. Believing this explanation, the mate remained silent about it, thinking that had it been known, Fleming might have got into trouble for his *generous intention*. In the meantime, I learned from my own observations, and from what the fireman whom I had set to watch told me, that Fleming had not now the suit of clothes he had worn on the morning of the murder; that he persistently avoided speaking of the crime himself, and seemed nervous when the subject was spoken of by others in his presence; that his sleep was disturbed, and he often left his hammock to walk the deck; and that he would never open his sea-chest when others were looking on.

"All this," said the captain, when we were comparing notes, "goes to confirm the correctness of our belief in Fleming's guilt: but still it affords no tangible proof of it, and it is proof that we require."

"Yes, it is proof that we require," I said, repeating his words; "but how are we to get it? Have you any idea?"

"Well, I have," he answered; "but I'm afraid you'll think it rather a queer one."

"Well, let me know what it is anyhow," I said.

"Well, then," he answered, "I would suggest that you take an impression of the lock of Fleming's chest, make a key to fit it, and open it in the presence of witnesses."

I suppose my looks showed that I did consider this idea "a rather queer one," for the captain hastened to add in an apologetic tone.

"You know, there's no use in being over-scrupulous in a case like this; and besides, what I propose can do no harm to Fleming if he is innocent, while if, as we suspect, he is guilty, it would be throwing away a chance in Wallworth's favor to let him get on shore without having his chest examined; for you may depend upon it, that if he is the criminal, he has the jewelry taken from the murdered man with him. The search after it was too hot during the two or three days we were in Liverpool after the murder to allow of his disposing of it there."

Not being able to think of anything better, and holding with the captain that this was not a case in which to be over-scrupulous, I resolved, after a little consideration, to act upon the plan he suggested; and having signified my intention of doing so, I left him, in order to set about carrying it out as speedily as possible.

All steamships carry a "kit" of tools with them; and with the aid of these I soon made a key, with which, in the presence of the captain, chief mate, and second engineer—to whom, under a promise of secrecy, the captain had explained the circumstances of the case—I opened the chest. It was large and strongly made, the scanty wardrobe and few miscellaneous articles which it contained scarcely covering its bottom, and offering very few obstacles to a thorough examination. Our first proceeding was to note accurately the manner in which it was packed, so that we might be able to replace its contents in a manner that would excite no suspicion of their having been disturbed; and having done this, we commenced our search. Everything was taken out of the chest, and each article of clothing was unfolded and felt all over, in order to discover if there was anything sewn in them; but all in vain for our purpose, as nothing that could in the remotest degree be connected with Marlow's murder was found. Though disappointed at the result of our search, my belief in Fleming's guilt was by no means shaken. It was possible, I thought, that the jewelry was concealed about the clothes that he wore, or hidden in some of the coal-bunks; and so, on arriving at Bermuda, I requested my friendly fireman to continue his watch upon him, to see if he attempted to dispose of anything on shore.

From the watch kept upon his movements during the few times on which he was on shore while we lay in Bermuda, I felt sure that Fleming had not disposed of anything there; nor could the utmost watchfulness of the captain and myself detect anything in the shape of material proof of his guilt. As we neared England again, my hopes of being able to demonstrate Wallworth's innocence began to fail, and I to entertain doubts as to whether, in the present state of affairs, I should be justified in making any public accusation against Fleming.

On the home voyage we brought with us as passengers two gentlemen connected with a Liverpool merchant firm; and these gentlemen, having nothing else to do, filled up a great portion of their time by playing cards. One night the captain and I had joined them in a game of whist, and luck going against me, the small stock of silver which I had in my pocket soon passed to the players to whom I was opposed; when, none of them being able to give me change for a sovereign, I left the cabin for the purpose of procuring it. On reaching the top of the cabin-stairs, I saw some one on deck; and, although I could scarcely distinguish the figure in the darkness, I fancied it was the engineer on duty, who had come on deck for a moment to cool himself.

I called out, "I say, Mr. Hargrave, can you give me change for a sovereign?"

On hearing my voice, the person whom I had supposed to be Mr. Hargrave, came towards me, and on getting near enough to be recognized I found it was Fleming, whose watch had turned in two hours before.

"Hollos, Fleming!" I said, "I thought your watch had turned in? How is this?"

"So they have, sir," he replied; "but I felt ill and couldn't sleep, and so I came on deck, and I think you have mistaken me for Mr. Hargrave."

"I have," I said. "As it was his watch, I certainly thought it was him."

"Shall I go and ask him for the change for you, sir?" said Fleming, who appeared anxious to avoid further conversation.

"Yes, if you will," I replied, handing him the money. "And if he can't give it you, try to get it from some one else."

"I can change it for you myself, if it will be all the same to you, sir," said Fleming, in reply to my last observation. "I've a pound or two in my chest, and most of it in silver."

"It will be all the same," I said. "Please bring it to me below here."

I returned to the cabin to resume play, and in two or three minutes afterwards Fleming brought the change, which he laid on the table beside me. Fortune continuing to run against me, my small heap of silver soon began to change owners; and at the end of an hour's play, having first paid away a number of smaller coins, I threw a half-crown across the table, and requested the successful players to "take it out of that." One of them was about to lift the half-crown from the table, when, happening to lean back in my seat, a peculiar appearance on the face of the coin caught my eye.

Instantly springing from my seat, and covering the half-crown with my hands, I exclaimed, "Don't touch it, whatever you do—don't touch it! for as I live that is the marked half-crown that Marlow had upon him on the morning he was murdered."

"The deuce it is!" said the captain, instantly becoming as excited as myself.

"It is, indeed," I said, turning to leave the cabin, "as I will soon prove to you."

In my sea-chest I had, among other instrument, a magnifying-glass, with which, in a few minutes, I returned to the cabin; and a glance at the half-crown through this instrument convinced the captain that I had made no mistake; for there, beautifully engraved, was the hand and pen, with its motto, "I perpetuate."

Our passengers had been lost in astonishment at what, of course, appeared to them the remarkably strange conduct of the captain and myself; and when our excitement at making the discovery had in some degree abated, we gave those gentlemen a full explanation of the circumstances that made the finding of this piece of money an important matter to us. The discovery that the marked half-crown had been in Fleming's possession, revived my hopes that I should yet be able to prove that he, and not Wallworth, had murdered Marlow, and fully determined me to formally accuse him of the crime at the earliest opportunity; and, as we were now within a few days' sail of Liverpool, it became necessary to at once set about forming some plan of action.

Although it did not strike me at the time when Fleming told me that he had a pound or two in his chest, I now remembered that when we had been searching it, four shillings was all the money we found; and from a careful consideration of this circumstance, I came to the conclusion that, as was frequently the case with seamen's chests, Fleming's contained a secret compartment. On the following day I found that my surmise on this point was correct; for though I did not attempt to discover the method of opening it, I ascertained, by dint of sounding and measuring, that a shallow drawer (which had, in all probability, been made for the express purpose of smuggling tobacco and cigars) occupied the whole length and breadth of the bottom of the chest, the great *apparent* thickness of the bottom being cleverly concealed by a heavy beading. That this drawer contained the property taken from Marlow at the time of his murder, I felt confident; but still I did not consider it prudent to break open the chest, nor did I now consider the *immediate* finding of the property of so much importance as I had done previous to our arrival at Bermuda, as I had arranged a plan whereby I could—the legal authorities of Liverpool being willing—have Fleming arrested and his chest thoroughly searched by experienced detectives, before he had any chance of getting on shore. We were to put in at Plymouth for two or three days, and it was agreed between the captain and myself, that I should leave the ship as soon as we reached that port, and proceed by rail to Liverpool, taking with me the marked half-crown and properly drawn-out and attested statements from our passengers, to confirm my account as to the manner in which I became possessed of the coin; from the mate, who had seen Fleming come out of Wallworth's berth just previous to the arrival of the detectives to search the ship; and from the engineer, who had noticed his lengthened absence from the ship, and his excited manner, and the dirty and disordered state of his clothes, when he returned to it on the morning of the murder. Provided with these, I was to wait upon the lawyer who had Wallworth's case in hand, and request him to take immediate steps for procuring a warrant for Fleming's arrest, and causing it to be executed before the Charles Edward got into the dock at Liverpool.

We arrived at Plymouth on a Tuesday morning, and on going on shore, I found a train was to leave in half an hour. By that train I got to Liverpool the same evening; and the lawyer having put my statements into form, and produced witnesses to swear to the marked coin, a warrant for Fleming's apprehension was granted on the following morning. The warrant being secured, I telegraphed to the captain, "I have got the paper all right. Let me know what time you will make the river, and we will meet you." In about three hours I received the reply, "Glad to hear you have got the paper; will make the Mersey between ten and twelve on Friday morning. Will be on the lookout for you."

Acting upon this information, with the detective, to whom the execution of the warrant had been entrusted, I took a boat on the Friday morning, and proceeded down the river to meet the Charles Edward. After a couple of hours, we sighted the ship bearing down upon us, the captain, whom I could just distinguish standing on the bridge, with his glass under his arm, having evidently made us out. In a short time we were hoisted on deck, and the captain briefly observing, "He's on duty," the officer and I at once descended to the engine-room.

"There's your man," I said, pointing to Fleming, who had turned a quick, nervous glance upon the detective the instant the latter entered the room. "Seize him," I was about to add; but before I could get the words out, the detective, with professional celerity, had already done so, and Fleming was in custody charged with the murder of the late Mr. Marlow.

"I know nothing about it," he hoarsely grasped, when he had recovered a little from the surprise and terror occasioned by his arrest.

"So much the better for you, then," said the detective; "but allow me to caution you against making any statement at present, as anything you may say now may be used as evidence against you."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that I know nothing about it," said Fleming, speaking more firmly.

"What property have you on board?" asked the detective, taking no notice of Fleming's last observation.

"I've only my sea-chest, and you can search that, if you like," replied Fleming, taking a key from his pocket, and offering it to the detective.

"I *will* search it," said the detective, quietly; "please to show me where it is."

Fleming at once led the way to his berth, and then, pointing to his chest, said, "There it is."

"O, that's it, is it?" said the detective; "well, excuse me." And in an instant he had slipped a pair of handcuffs on Fleming's wrists. "And, now," he continued, when he had successfully completed that operation, "to see what's here."

To turn out the contents of the chest, and minutely examine them, was to the detective but the work of a few minutes.

"Nothing there," he observed, in an under-tone, when he had finished this part of his search.

"I told you," said Fleming, confidently, on hearing that remark, "that you would find nothing there."

"We'll see," said the detective, taking a small leather bag, containing a number of small but strongly-made and highly-finished tools, from his pocket; "we'll see," he repeated, fixing a "bit" in the bottom of the chest, and beginning to use it in a most workman-like manner.

In about a minute he had cut out a circular patch, which plainly showed that the apparently solid bottom really consisted of a shallow drawer and a very thin, false bottom. The removal of the whole of the false bottom was easily effected, and exposed to view a drawer divided into several compartments; and in one of these lay a lot of loose money, and a small parcel, neatly tied up in a piece of canvas.

Of this parcel the detective instantly took possession; but before he could cut the string with which it was fastened, Fleming, with his manacled hands raised to his face, as if to shut out some horrible sight, staggered towards him, exclaiming, "Don't open it—for God's sake, don't open it! I can't bear to look on them again now! I DID IT; but I never meant to kill him."

Fleming spoke so rapidly that for a moment it was impossible to check him; but at this point the detective interrupted his confession by saying:

"Recollect what I told you; take care what you say."

"It's no use to take care now," answered Fleming, in a voice made tremulous by the convulsive sobs which, despite all his efforts to suppress them, shook his frame; "it's no use to strive against fate, and there has been a something in my mind ever since I did it which told me it would come to this."

Little of my story now remains to be told. Fleming made a detailed confession, which fully justified the conclusions at which the captain and I had arrived. He had been tempted by the sight of Marlow's money and jewelry, and taking Wallworth's stick (though he did not know at the time to whom it belonged), he had followed his victim, intending to stun and then rob him. He had overtaken him in the brickfield in which the body was found, and in the struggle that ensued he had used the stick with fatal effect. On finding that he had killed the man, his first idea had been to leave the town as speedily as possible; but upon becoming more composed, he came to the conclusion that as his ship was to leave the country in a few days his safest plan would be to stick to her; and having, as the captain had surmised, overheard the clerk telling the news of Wallworth's arrest, he had secreted the bank-notes in his berth.

Fleming was never tried for the murder. The excitement caused by his arrest so aggravated the feverish nervousness that had characterised his manner during the voyage to Bermuda and back, as to bring on a violent attack of brain-fever, from which he died in a week after his apprehension. As the truth of his confession was fully borne out by the finding of the murdered man's property in his possession, and other circumstances, Wallworth was of course liberated, and in three months afterwards he went out to Calcutta to fill a lucrative appointment in an eminent mercantile firm there, Bella, to whom he was married a week before he sailed, going with him. On making a voyage to Calcutta, five years after this, I found him just admitted to a partnership in the firm he had gone out to serve, and happy in the love of his charming wife and two blooming children, one of whom he had named after me, in memory of the time when he was our supercargo.

THE SKY.

Why is the blue sky so grandly arched above our heads? The ancient Greeks supposed it to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon and stars were set like diamonds in a ring. The upper surface was laid with gold—the pavement of the gods. In pagan countries somewhat similar notions still prevail. A converted heathen said that he thought the sun, moon and stars were holes in the solid sky, through which came streaming down to earth the brightness and glory of the heavenly world.

But, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the air we breathe. Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousands of miles above us, where our childish fancy took it, the blue sky is nothing but the color of the ocean of air in which we live and move. And as to the distance from us, it is all within three or four miles. For travelers, who go upon high mountain tops, tell us that they no longer see any blue sky above them there, where the air is so thin that they pant for breath, but only the blackness of empty space.

But, it may be asked, why do we not see the blue colors of air when we look up to the ceiling of our rooms? Why do we not have a blue sky in the house as well as out of doors? The answer is that some substances, of which air is one, do not show their colors except in the mass. Take a piece of glass, pour upon it a single drop of ink; now press another piece of glass upon the ink, and hold them both, pressed together, up to the light. Scarcely any color of the ink can be seen.

The poet says:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;
And robes the mountain with its azure hue."

But philosophy, that great enemy to poetry, steps up and tells us that it is not the mountain's blue robe which we see, but only the air, which, like a misty curtain, hangs between us and the mountains.

NO IMPROVEMENT that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is a universal mirror to each, and the respective refinements of the one will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

THE REVIEWER AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, publishers, Philadelphia, the following recent publications:

PHYSIOLOGY FOR PRACTICAL USE.—Edited by Dr. James Hinton, author of "The Mystery of Pain," "Man and His Dwelling Place," etc., a distinguished aural surgeon of London, and an able medical writer. This work contains a great deal of accurate and trustworthy physiological science presented in a familiar and untechnical style, in the form of a series of essays by gentlemen who have evidently an intimate practical knowledge of the special subjects upon which they respectively write. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HEALTH AND EDUCATION.—By the Rev. Chas. Kingsley, F. L. S., F. G. S., Canon of Westminster. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER.—Edited by Geoge M. Baker. No. 1. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. This is the first part of a series of selections, in prose and poetry, serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic and dramatic, for readings and recitations. Each part will contain fifty selections.

THE WIDOW AND DAUGHTER.

BY E. S. RANDOLPH.

"And so, you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

The widow replied, with flushed cheek:

"It may seem a light thing with you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and, God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "Fiddlestick!" and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek.

"Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva kneeled at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her hand fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma—such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit, ever so little, of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet need not feel this cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, the tea and sugar, and such nice, comfortable things. But never mind," and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet—"never mind, I'll maybe write a book one of these days, and that'll make you and me rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and maybe those that scorn us now only because we are poor may be thankful of our notice. A truce to romance," she gravely continued, "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison street, find Mr. Miner, give him those twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then go home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets diverging into pleasant width and palace-lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency, and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet. Statuary, in bronze and marble, lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in, with his kindly glance and handsome face, was the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady, he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be small, sir—we can, in the course of a few years, liquidate the debt, and then—we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, sir, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eye fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said:

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but, my dear young lady, have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up ingenuously, replied:

"I am obliged to work, sir; but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them; and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying:

"There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is $975. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened the letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note inclosed. She held it without speaking or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears. "'tis a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him. God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh! they do wrong who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how happy he has made us, how much we will love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of."

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured the mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have a cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare, I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of cankering care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the rich good man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Do I look happy, Lina?"

"Yes, and you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to Acts xx: 35, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read she looked up into her father's eyes:

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said 'God bless you,' and that is what makes you so happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile; but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

BY S. E. WINDHAM.

It was a calm, bright night in the leafy month of June, and the yellow moonlight lay sleeping on the deserted streets and closed and silent houses of the little village of Tendale.

It was eleven o'clock at night. "Time honest people were in bed" and sound asleep, the worthy denizens of Tendale evidently thought; for not a light could be seen except in the parlor window of Farmer Graham's white house just beyond the church.

Every one in Tendale would have known why that lamp twinkled there at that hour of the night, had they been awake to see it; for every one in Tendale knew very well that the farmer's pretty daughter Sarah was, at that hour, parting with her lover, who was to leave the village in the morning to "seek his fortune"—where so many have found and lost theirs—in the golden plains of California.

Sarah Graham, beauty and belle though she was, thought herself the most unhappy of human beings, as she stood on the door-steps beneath the shadow of the linden trees, and felt herself clasped, for the last time, to her lover's breast.

"Oh, if you should forget me, Oliver, I should die!" she said earnestly, as she looked up at him.

His was a fair, frank, open face enough, but there was a flash and sparkle in the blue eyes that spoke of faithfulness, even then.

"Forget you!" he said, with a light laugh that jarred upon her sensitive spirit at that moment. "Nay; is that likely? Have I not sworn myself away to you, for ever and ever? And where, shall I find a face and form more beautiful than yours, my peerless Sarah? Sarah means 'Princess,' you know, my pretty one. And never was the name more fitly given than here."

Well, it is all very true. She was beautiful and stately, even then, in her unformed girlhood. Her glass and the eyes of her admirers had told her so a score of times. And she had been pleased, ere this, to hear her lover praise that beauty; had been proud of it, thinking how, one day, it would be all his own. But now they were parting. He was going far away from her, to remain many years. Only heaven could say if they should ever meet again or not. And as the last caress was given, she felt that she would rather have heard some more earnest and even prayerful word from the young man's lips, than the praises of her grace and beauty which he murmured to the last. Had he even said, "God bless you," or "God protect my love," it would have given some sanctity to their parting.

But, no! To the very last it was, "My loved one, I shall see no face like yours till I come back to you again!"

Almost as if he valued and loved her only for her beauty, she told herself, as she stood there in the moonlight after he was gone.

And then, hating herself for being wicked enough to give way to such a thought, she went into the house and up to her own room, where, before retiring, she said a little prayer for the loved one that at least could do him no harm.

The railway bore Oliver Clayton away from his boyhood's home the next morning; and Sarah Graham, watching as it passed, was rewarded by one brief glimpse of the bright, handsome face that was all the world to her. How gay and happy he looked! And yet he was leaving her!

Still, could she blame him? He was young, ardent, ambitious, and the world was now before him. So she excused him to herself and to others, when the days and weeks, and months rolled themselves slowly into years, and his letters, frequent and loving at first, became cool, and few and far between.

So she waited, "hoping against hope," and keeping her trust and faith in him still, in spite of his long silence and his apparent coldness. But the years of absence grew slowly from one to five, and still he came not! In his place many another would gladly have wooed and won the still lovely belle; but her answer was to all alike. Heart and hand were pledged to this "laggard in love," and might not be reclaimed save at his own request.

It came at last! He loved another, and would fain be set free from his early vows. Sarah released him, in a few cold and quiet words.

And then, for a long time, life and love seemed alike dying in her heart. When health and strength came back once more, she married Laurence Macheath, the wealthiest of her suitors, and removing to New York, entered upon a life of fashionable gaiety there.

* * * * * * *

It was five years afterwards, and when she was in the very height of her beauty and power, that Sarah met Oliver Clayton once again. He had returned from California a wealthy but a lonely man; for his young bride had died in their honeymoon, and he had never tried to fill her place. Perhaps some vague hope of finding his early love free, and unfettered still, had prompted his return to his native land. Be this as it may, he met her for the first time at a grand ball, and had the felicity of seeing her followed and flattered by half the gentlemen in the room, and of hearing that her husband loved her to distraction, and that her home was a perfect haven of peace, and comfort, and rest.

On that evening he found it impossible to speak to her. But three nights after, they met at a private party, and he found himself near her, at the entrance of the music-room, just as she had consented to sing. She had heard of his arrival, and was therefore fore-armed. If he had expected any display on her part, he must have been most cruelly disappointed.

"Mr. Clayton!" she said, with a look of well-bred surprise, and without offering her hand; "is it possible that you have returned? How delighted all your friends must be!"

And she sailed on to the piano without another word. He lingered, angry, and yet fascinated, to hear her voice once more. She lifted her eyes, and saw him standing there. And this was what she sang:

"Close to my dreaming heart
You stood that day;
The time of my life had come
To hear yes, or nay.
I looked in your face,
But you turned it away;
And if ever Hope had lit my heart,
It died out that day!

"Years long and weary
Have passed since that day;
Love, Hope, and Happiness
Have faded away.
Your life is your life,
Go you your way!
My soul and your soul
Parted that day!"

Another glance from those great dark eyes was shot towards him. And then Mrs. Macheath rose from the piano, listening laughingly to the praises of her friends as she drew on her gloves. She left the room, leaning on the arm of some distinguished guest.

And as she passed by where Mr. Clayton was still standing, he heard her say, in answer to some remark from her escort, "Oh, no! I might have sang that song with proper feeling once! But that was many years ago. Time works wonders, as you know, and if I give the right expression to the words now, it is but a trick of a successful actress. Give me credit for nothing more!"

Her dark eyes rested full on the handsome face of her early lover as she spoke—rested as they might have done upon a picture, a statue, or even a tinted wall. She gave him a quiet little bow of recognition as she passed; but look, and smile, and bow all said plainly, "We two are strangers!"

Stung and mortified, he rushed from the room, and out of the house. The words of her song still rang in his ears; and before his eyes rose up the vision of that little white farm-house up amid the hills, and the dark-eyed girl who stood with him there beneath the linden-trees, so many years before!

"And she might have been my wife! Time works wonders indeed!" he said, with a kind of groan, as he pulled out his match-box and lit his warmest friend—a cigar!

SOUND economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

Is Your Stomach Uneasy?

Many a dyspeptic Croesus would be willing, it is said, to give half his wealth for an easy stomach. If this is a fact, why do any of our "solid men" continue to endure the pangs of indigestion? Is it not patent to the whole community that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure the worst case of chronic dyspepsia in six or eight weeks? No occasion for the expenditure of half a fortune; a few dollars will suffice to accomplish the object. Surely, every man who is not "sand blind" to the great utilitarian facts of the day must know that this celebrated vegetable specific promptly relieves all diseased conditions of the stomach, liver, bowels and nervous system, restores their vigor and imparts regularity to their functions. Is your epigastrium uneasy? Is the vulture, disease, gnawing at your liver? If so, resort at once to the bitters.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oct25-52t.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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A NEW STORY!

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

Sinning for Her Sake!

Next week we shall give the initial chapters of the above Serial, the production of an author who, although new to the readers of the Post, has already won distinction as a writer of serials of marked literary merit and absorbing interest.

It abounds with stirring scenes and pictures of life at home and abroad, which cannot fail to entertain, as well as instruct every one.

We have enjoyed reading it so heartily ourselves, that we can say nothing more beyond advising our readers to give it a careful perusal.

HONOR YOUR CALLING.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it, by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in work.

Occasionally, a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten-times oftener that that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession in the world that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding, then, only gives them strength.

On the other hand, a man has a power given him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the humblest toil if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations. For heaven has given us imagination not alone to make some men poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Look at good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidden avocation around which may twine pleasant fancies, out of which may be developed an honest pride.

A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it hereafter more creditable to any one who enters it. Franklin left upon the printing office an impress which has benefitted the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths love to speak of the uncanonized Elihu Burritt. Once let a man convert his business into an instrument of honor, benevolence, and patriotism, and from that moment it is transfigured, and men judge its dignity and merit, not by what it externally is, but by what it has done and can do. It is better to stick to your business, and by patient industry and honorable enterprise to crown it with honor, than to run away from it, and to seek prosperity ready-made to your hand. It is not what a man *finds* that does him good, but what he *does*.

LIFE.

What a varying thing is the stream of life! How it sparkles and glitters! Now it bounds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now it plunges in fume and fury over the rock; now it is clear and limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are ever flowing into it, each bringing its store of dulness and pollution as it tends towards the end. Its voice, too, varies as it goes; now it sings lightly, as it dances on; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way; and now it has no tone but the dull, low murmur of exhausted energy. Such is the stream of life! yet perhaps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regularity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and flood-gates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to burst through the banks.

MY DARLING MUST DIE.

BY MRS. H. E. WHEELER.

I could not believe he must leave us,
Though many long weeks ago,
He called me gently to him,
And whispered so sadly and low,
That the angel was surely beckoning
To the Father's home in the sky,
But I closed my eyes and would not believe,
My darling, my darling must die.

I hoped, O, so fondly hoped,
When summer winds fanned his brow,
They would waft the bloom of health—
But hope has deserted me now.
Each day he is growing weaker,
And I know by his sunken eye,
And the faint breath, growing fainter,
My darling, my darling must die.

Can it be he must go to Heaven,
And alone I must wander here?
Oh! merciful Father, pity me,
For earth looks sadly drear—
Take me with him across the river—
Side by side let us peacefully lie,
And I shall be spared the untold grief
Of watching my darling die.

THE MIDDLETOWN MYSTERY.

BY O. DE B.

"Shall I kill him?"

"I won't take the responsibility of advising you, under the circumstances. You say he has proved himself unworthy of her?

"Yes, but you know her character is one that holds duty to be stronger than love—and those sort of women are hard to give in. I'll *have* to kill him."

"Well, do as you please. But remember, I wash my hands of the murder."

The speakers walked slowly away with these words. The voices had come from the old arbor at the foot of the lawn, where I had gone to bring in some muslin which lay there bleaching. The tones were low and half indistinct, but I had heard all the above conversation clearly. What should I do! There was no one at home but brother Tom and the two servants. Father had gone away on business for a few days, and I was head manager until his return. There was no one in the house, either, to whom I could tell this dreadful thing! We lived on a pretty little place just out of the city; and this summer, to help pay off the mortgage, which hung upon it like a millstone—father used to say—we had advertised for a few city boarders. It was my proposition, and father and Tom had opposed it at first; father feared it would be too hard for me, and Tom said it was "degrading," but I proved to father that I could get along admirably with Lucy and Dan to help, and Tom being two years younger than I, and only sixteen, I did not stop to argue with him on the subject. We were seven in family now, instead of our usual "trio" ("Haydn's trio in three flats," Tom called us, sometimes.) Our addition consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Miles, and two single young gentlemen, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Ray. Mr. Miles was a broker on Third street, and a nice gentlemanly old man he was. Mrs. Miles was a very beautiful, and quite young, woman. We all thought she was his daughter, when they drove up to the door the night of their arrival. They seemed a very loving couple; although I did fancy Mrs. Miles looked unhappy at times, but she was very devoted to her husband, and he appeared very fond of her. Mr. Lewis was a clerk in a publishing house in the city and went to town every day, as did Mr. Miles. Mr. Ray was the friend of Mr. Lewis, and appeared to be in no business. I didn't like *his* looks the first minute I set eyes on him. He was a moody, sullen sort of man, barely answering civil questions, although he was particularly pleasant, for him, to Mrs. Miles. Mr. Lewis was a favorite with everybody; Tom swore by him and forgot the "degradation." I often wondered what the bond of sympathy could be between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Ray. The one so full of life and animation; the other taciturn and gloomy. Mr. Ray seldom went to the city, but would sit all day long in his room, oftentimes not coming to his meals, and when I would knock sometimes at his door, he would growl out, "Don't disturb me, I'm busy." I had told Tom, confidentially, that I felt sure Mr. Ray was not altogether "right." "Never mind, Sis," he answered me, saucily. "I guess he ain't a counterfeiter; so his money's "right" enough, and when you get all your *wages* for waiting on his highness, you'll be 'right.'" I didn't like to hear Tom talk so to me, when what I was doing was only to help father along, and not menial service from a selfish purpose. But, what can you expect from boys! I determined I would not tell Tom any more of my suspicions. I lay awake half the night thinking of the conversation I had heard in the arbor; I knew the voices belonged to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Ray. One then, was as bad as the other! But who was the man they talked of murdering so coolly; could it be Mr. Miles? I made up my mind I would watch closely next day, to see if I could detect any signs of malice against the old gentleman. They all seemed friendly enough, however, and there were no ill words spoken save a little sparring on some political questions, after the usual manner of men. Mr. Miles and Mr. Lewis went to town as usual, and I saw nothing of Mr. Ray or Mrs. Miles until tea time. She had toast and tea in her room at noon, on the plea of headache; and he growled out, as usual, to "let him be," when I sent Lucy to call him to dinner. At the tea table Mrs. Miles received a dispatch from her husband, saying "business would detain him over night in the city." I fancied she turned pale and looked very sad, indeed. After tea, Mr. Ray invited her to walk down to the lake with him; she refused at first, but he finally persuaded her, and they strolled off slowly like a pair of lovers. Was I reading the mystery?

Tom and Mr. Lewis were out riding, and so I was left quite alone. I sat in the little sitting-room by the window. There was a faint white curve of moon in the sky, and the dusk was fragrant with the woodbine, and jessamine tint ran over the trellis work by my window. I must have fallen asleep, when I awakened to hear low voices just outside on the piazza.

"Promise me, then, you will not do it until I have had another talk with you." It was Mrs. Miles' voice.

"It shall be as you say, but the longer I wait, the worse for him," muttered the deep tones of Mr. Ray's heavy bass. Then she bid him good night and ran up to her room.

How my heart beat. It was getting fearful. Mr. Ray now paced up and down the piazza until the rattle of wheels and laughing voices announced the return of his friend and Tom. Tom went right off to bed, and Mr. Lewis sat down upon the steps to smoke. I held my breath to hear what was to come.

"What makes you so restless, Ray?" asked Mr. Lewis, after a little. "Are you still meditating the murder?"

Ray stopped short in his walk.

"I have had a talk with her," said he, "and she has made me promise to wait a day longer before I decide."

"Well, *I* should carry out my own plans without reference to any one, if I were in *your* place."

"Then—I shall kill him!"

"How?" asked Mr. Lewis. (Oh how could he speak so coolly!)

"Shoot him—it's the easiest."

"Where?"

"In the woods." (Our woods! Oh! I must scream soon, and I held my hand tight over my mouth.)

"Well," answered Mr. Lewis, "suppose we go and practise the situation—come;" and they walked off together towards the little piece of woodland that lay on our land.

I passed another sleepless night, and looked so haggard next morning at breakfast that even Mr. Ray asked me if my head ached, and said he always found "eau de cologne" a speedy relief.

"An easy conscience is a better," I answered quickly. He looked up at me curiously, and went on with his breakfast.

I hurried up to his room before he finished, and took an inventory of his things. I almost fainted when close beside his dressing-case I discovered—a—pistol! That settled my determination to do what I had resolved upon the night before. Father would not be home for a week yet, and in that time *what* fearful scenes might there not be enacted in our peaceful little home! Yes; I would take it all upon my shoulders to avert the calamity.

Therefore, without a word to any one, I took the second train to P——, went straight to a detective and explained the whole situation.

"Come with me at once," I cried; "I am sure he means to kill Mr. Miles this very night!"

The detective looked surprised and amazed at my story, and yielding to my earnest entreaties, accompanied me home.

We got back at dinner-time, and Mr. Detective, wearing a clerical suit of black, dined with us without the faintest suspicion being aroused as to what his calling might be. I saw him studying Mr. Ray and Mrs. Miles, and wondered if he could read in their faces the tragedy I feared. When the evening train arrived, and Mr. Miles and Mr. Lewis came up the walk together, what was my surprise to see Mr. Detective rush up to Mr. Lewis with a "Why, Harry, my dear boy," and shake his hand with all the heartiness of friendship.

"What in the world are you doing here, Jerold?" asked Mr. Lewis, as he came up the steps.

"Oh, a little pleasure trip, that's all; we must have our recreation too, you know," answered Mr. Detective, and he looked at me as though to say "all right, my dear, I won't tell." They both went up to Mr. Lewis' room; just before it was time to ring the tea-bell they came down together, laughing. I was alone in the dining-room, putting on the last few little touches to the tea-table, when they both came up to where I stood, and Mr. Lewis, taking both my hands in his, said:

"My dear Miss Hayden, Mr. Jerold has told me your fears and fancies. I am *very sorry* my friend has been the unconscious and innocent cause of your anxiety, but Mr. Ray is at present engaged in writing an intense drama, of the new school, and is in a great dilemma as to whether he will kill his hero or end his days peaceably. Mrs. Miles was formerly an actress, whose opinion he values very highly, and—so you see—all your little imaginings and fears are wholly groundless."

I thought I should sink—and I guess they thought so too, for Mr. Jerold cried out, "Now, my dear young lady, don't; you have acted so nobly and brave all through this affair—*don't*, now!"—and I didn't. I made them both promise me faithfully that they would never—never tell anybody my suspicions—not even father. They kept their promise, and to this day when Harry and I—I married Mr. Lewis, he teazed me so about the affair that I married him to teaze him back—when Harry and I sometimes talk about my "murder case," father opens his eyes and wonders what we mean. Mr. Ray's piece "took" beautifully, and when I saw it played the first time I was as nervous over the shooting—he shot him—as though it was real. We paid the mortgage off the old place; Tom lives there now with his wife and little ones (I throw it up to him sometimes). Mr. Miles died shortly after that summer, and Mrs. Miles married Mr. Ray a few years after. When Harry plagues me very much I answer: "Well, who knows but they *did* mean it after all?" At any rate that is the end of my Middletown Mystery.

UNLOCKING A HEART.

BY IDA B. BARTON.

At the age of thirty, Allan Moore married, taking for his wife pretty Mary Graham. He had been waiting until he might commence the new life fairly and independently. He did not hope to be independent of toil and fatigue: but he had planned that he and Mary would work together, and, perhaps, in the coming years, find a competence upon which to enjoy healthful repose. Allan was a lawyer, with a fair practice; and he had promised himself that when Mary had become his wife she would help him in his labors; not that she would delve for him into the mysteries of law, or do the drudgery of copying; but he looked for sympathy and love—for a love that should make his labors light, and for a sympathy upon which he could rest his confidence.

Allan Moore had known that Mary had her faults; but he had also known that her heart was good and true, and in his great love he found the assurance of peace and joy. But a season of disappointment was to come.

They had been married three years, and a cloud was upon the household. And whose was the fault? Allan examined himself very closely, but he could not discover that he had done wrong. And yet Mary was neither happy herself, nor did she try to make him happy. His business had increased until he had as much upon his hands as he could possibly attend to; he labored early and late; he toiled without ceasing; but the sympathy which he had expected at home was not his. The result was that he often wore a cloud upon his brow. Expecting coldness when he entered his home, he came with compressed lips; and fearing he should find no sympathy, he did not seek it.

Allan Moore wondered whether he had been mistaken in his estimate of Mary:—had he given her credit for good that she did not possess? Certainly there was little of the good now to bless him; but evil continually. In short, his home was very far from being a happy one, and open rupture was frequent. Mary had become fretful and fault-finding, and instead of sympathizing with her husband in his engrossing and oft-times perplexing business, she would not permit him to mention his business in the home.

Mary was growing to have sharp features, and the old look of beauty was disappearing. But upon Allan the change was working with deeper effect. He was growing thin and pale, and there were shoots of pain and mysterious throbbings at the heart; and the pain was growing deeper.

Why was it? Was the good all gone, or had the tares only come up and outgrown the good—tares that might have been rooted out long ago, if the hand of prudence and skill had been applied? Had the heart been locked up, and all its good hidden from the fructifying light? If so, why could not some kind power unlock the closed heart, and set the blessings free?

The good genius was at hand.

Dr. Ralph Graham, Mary's uncle, had seen the gathering cloud, and had marked the progress of the deepening gloom. He had known both the husband and the wife from their infancy: and he had loved them both; and when he saw them thus unhappy, he wondered if he could not help them. He knew that the greater fault was Mary's; and he knew, too, that she yet had a preponderance of good in her heart. He knew that she had in that heart the keenest of sympathies; the noblest of impulses; and the fount of a true and enduring love. He knew because, in the other years, he had seen them; and he knew that the good of the human heart cannot wholly die. It may be choked up; it may wither and shrink; and it may be crushed down beneath the superincumbent weight of evil; but while the human heart hath pulsation of life it may be probed to the fountain of good, and in its darkest night it shall yield flashes of generous impulse.

Dr. Graham—or "Uncle Ralph," as Mary called him—had been the family physician when she was a babe, and he was a man of sense as well as of experience and skill. Lately he had been called to prescribe for Allan, who was troubled more and more with that uncomfortable throbbing of the heart.

I cannot tell what Uncle Ralph really thought. He may have thought just as another experienced physician would have thought, that the palpitation was simply the result of indigestion; and that the dull pain came from pneumogastric sympathy; and, further, that the cause of the whole lay in nervous derangement consequent upon mental care and labor. But, be that as it may, he resolved that he would make use of Allan's heart in unlocking the heart of the wife.

"Uncle Ralph, what do you really think of Allan?"

"Mary, do you want me to tell you the truth?" He spoke very solemnly, and with a grave look.

"The truth, uncle?" she repeated, with a startled expression. "You do not think there is anything serious?"

"What can be more serious than a disease of the heart?"

"But Allan has no such thing."

"My dear girl, you must not deceive yourself. You may not keep Allan long with you. Excessive labor—ambition to achieve great results—and a want of healthful recreation, have strained his heart more than it will bear. I tell you plainly, Allan is dying."

"Dying!"

"Yes—surely. It is but a question of time. We may save him to prolonged and useful life if we can remove the cause of his disease. Have you not observed how pale and thin he has grown? and have you not marked how often the pain comes to his heart? Alas! poor Allan! I dare not tell him how near he is to the brink! I spoke with him once—a few days ago—upon the subject. I told him there was danger."

"You told him? And how did it affect him?"

"He only smiled, and shook his head."

"Smiled?"

"Yes; but with tears in his eyes. He said if he could only leave his wife and child well and comfortably provided for, he should be willing to go. That was when he had a great pain in his heart."

Mary arose, and went and placed her hand upon the doctor's shoulder.

"Uncle Ralph!—do you—do you—tell me truly?"

"I only tell you what I fear, my child. I tell you what is possible—ay, what is inevitable, sooner or later, if Allan continues to be so overworked. But do not tell him what I have told to you; it might break him down at once. He must not fail and die now, in the noontide of life, if mortal power can save him. But, my little girl, you must be prepared; the blow may fall at any time. These heart-troubles are most treacherous. It is for you to make his pillow smooth, and give him comfort for the few short days that——"

"Oh, uncle—uncle, do not say so! Oh, my soul! Allan must not die! Better, a thousand times, that I should go, and leave him to live his bright and useful life!"

Dr. Graham drew his weeping niece to his bosom, and gently whispered, "Stay with him, Mary, and give him strength, and hope and courage. While I give him such medicine as I have to give, be it yours to draw him away from his labors when you can, and make his burdens light. Let us do this, and leave the rest with God."

After her uncle had gone, Mary moved about the house like one awakened from a troubled dream, gathering up the threads of the past, and weaving them into the woof of the present. How the old love burned up, and how dear to her were the memories of the brighter times! Her husband dying?—oh, it could not be—it should not be!

And yet—and yet—what could she do if the die were fatally cast? Ah! she could bless him while he lived. Yes, she could do that.

That evening, when Allan Moore returned to his home, his wife met him in the hall, and put her hands up to his shoulders, and then kissed him.

"You are late, Allan. Dinner has been waiting for you."

"But *you* have not waited, Mary?"

"Yes, Allan—I could not eat alone this evening."

"You could not?"

He spoke like one in a dream.

"No. I wanted the light of the other times, Allen—the light which only your own presence can give."

And she helped him to remove his overcoat; and when he had pulled off his boots, and put on the slippers which she had ready for him, she led the way to the dining-room.

His old favorite dishes; the silver, bright and clean; the china, drinking the gaslight into its translucent substance; the napkins, white, like snow; and the food as she knew he preferred it; and, above all, her own face, wearing a smile of the old sweetness, presiding over the scene.

Was he dreaming, or was it real? Almost afraid to speak, lest a breath might dispel the happy illusion, he drank in the joy of the occasion. When the meal was concluded, Allan rose from the table.

"Now, now, Allan!' Where are you going?"

"To my own room, Mary. I have papers to copy."

"Cannot others do your copying?"

"These are papers which I dare not trust to other eyes."

"But you will trust me, Allan?"

"Trust—*you*!"

"Yes. If you will explain to me the work, and leave them with me to-morrow, I will copy them for you. You know I write well."

"Mary!"

"Oh, Allan!—my husband!—my own true love!"—she had moved up and laid her hand upon his shoulder—"you are working too hard. If you will let me help you, I will help you now; and by-and-by you shall rest. We will go away among the green fields, and the brooks, and the hills."

"Mary! My darling! What music is this?" He took her to his bosom, with his arms twined closely around her.

"Allan, I have been unmindful of your good, and I have been very miserable; but I will be so no more. If you will let me help you; if you will give me back your love and your trust; if you will lean upon me when you are weak, and rest upon my bosom when you are in pain; if you will forgive me for all the wrong and the error—I will bless heaven, and take courage; and we will be happy always while we live!"

Oh, blessed, happy hour; blessing and happiness reaching out into all the coming years! The heart had been unlocked, and its flood of true love, gushing out into a current broad and strong, had washed away the stains of evil, and purified the temple; and upon the sacred altar of their home the vestal fires burned brightly.

A year had passed when Mary said, as she stood and looked up into her husband's face: "Allan, how strong and well you have grown! You don't know how proud and happy it makes me."

He caught her to his bosom, and held her there.

"My blessed wife! how could I help being strong and well beneath the influence of a love like yours. I owe you much, darling—very much. I cannot tell you how happy I am!"

And Mary knew that the fountain of goodness in her heart could never be closed up again while sense and memory were hers.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience is knowledge gained by experiment. Life is made up of little incidents and changes, which, woven together, make the fabric of our individual self. We are in a great measure creatures of circumstances. We are what those around us make us—that is, our life receives coloring from outside influence. We gain wisdom only through experience. Experience teaches us that if we take fire into our bosoms we shall be burned; also that bad deeds do not bring about good results. We are governed, somewhat, in present actions, by the lessons taught in past failures.

Knowledge gained by ourselves is of more value than that imparted to us; but we are saved much anxiety and suffering by taking heed to that furnished by others, held up as a beacon light, to keep us from being tossed here and there by the merciless waves, or from dashing our frail barques against the rocks, or finding a watery grave beneath the heaving billows. Yet, notwithstanding we have sufficient warning, how many of us rush into danger, fully perceiving what we are doing—rush madly and wildly into the very jaws of death, approaching so near the precipice that a single leap would plunge us into it!

All vices degrade their possessors. They blunt all conscience, weaken the intellect, impair the memory, until, at last they become the masters, and we their abject slaves. The dissipated and the profligate have at last cried, "Oh, that I might live my life over again! How differently it should be spent!" Experience to them proves a sad memento in awakening memory.

Let us look back and try to recall to mind the path in which we have traveled to the present time. Here and there flowers were scattered along the road. Roses and thorns sprang up together, and were so united that that which seemed a blessing proved a curse, and curses were blessings in disguise. Sometimes we wandered through green fields and shady groves; and, again, clouds and darkness surround us. At intervals we were on lofty plains, and could look down on the inhabitants below; and, again, so depressed were our spirits that no place was humble or obscure enough. Our sorrows were generally like the April shower, of short duration. The darkest day had an end. We were elated at trifles and cast down as easily. But now, having passed through interminable forests, and at times stood at the mouth of some great chasm, with its fearful depth yawning beneath us, we are at last safely delivered from all past danger, and prepared to battle with renewed energy the foe of the future; for have we not been strengthened to contend with such from the experience of the past? Experience has taught us that in the path of duty will be found success and happiness. Following the dictates of that inward monitor, we shall possess the approbation of our own hearts, which will ensure a measure of happiness. Perfect happiness is not an inhabitant of the earth.

Social intercourse, by calling us off from self-contemplation, causing it to administer towards the enjoyments and comforts of our fellow being, can make man happy himself, and render him instrumental in contributing to the wants of others.

This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

News of Interest

According to recent returns, the average marrying age in Great Britain is 25 years.

An Iowa paper predicts that in five years every barrel of western flour will be sent east in barrels of papor made from the straw the wheat grew on.

Oklahoma, the Indian territory, contains an area of 70,000 square miles—which is larger than all New England—and is at present inhabited by about 58,000 Indians, who are by courtesy classified as civilized, and some 20,000 who are unquestionably savage. Its queer sounding name, by the way, is Choctaw, and signifies "The home of the red man." Among the large tribes of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who belong to the most civilized class, there are also about 5000 negroes, formerly slaves to the Indians, but now free.

Reporting Forty Years Ago.—With the aid of post-horses, macadamised roads, shorthand, and steam-printing, a wonderful feat—wonderful at that time of day—was performed by the *Times* forty years ago (1834.) A grand banquet was given to Earl Grey at Edinburg by his Scotch admirers, and the *Times* sent down reporters of their own to describe the proceedings. They left the room at twelve o'clock at night on Monday, the 15th, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, that newspaper reached Edinburg by the mail with a full account of the proceedings. The reporters, it seems, posted up in thirty hours, so that they were in London on Wednesday morning at six o'clock. This was thought so very wonderful in 1834 that Lord Henry Cockburn deemed it worthy of special note.

Weddings in Borneo.—On the wedding-day the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting, and health as vigorous as the metal may attend the pair. A cigar and betel leaf, prepared with the areca nut, are next put into the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared siri leaf and the cigar into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband. The fowls are then killed, and the blood caught in two cups, and from this color the priests foretell the future happiness of the newly-married. The ceremony is closed by a feast, with dancing and noisy music.

The Way the Cable Talks.—An operator sits at a table in a room darkened by curtains. On his desk stands a little instrument named the "reflecting galvanometer," the invention of Sir William Thompson, without which Atlantic telegraphy would be a slow process, not exceeding two or three words per minute, instead of eighteen or twenty, the present rate. This delicate instrument consists of a tiny magnet and a small mirror swinging on a silk thread, the two together weighing but a few grains. The electric current, passing along the wire from Valencia, deflects the magnet to and fro. The mirror reflects a spot of light on to a scale in a box placed at the operator's right hand, where, by its oscillation, the spot of light indicates the slight movement of the magnet, and follows every change in the received current; and every change, great or small, produces a corresponding oscillation of the spot of light on the scale. A code of signals is arranged by which the movement of the spot of light is made to indicate the letters of the alphabet. When receiving a message from Valencia, the operator watches the movements of the light speck, which keeps dancing about over the scale on his right. To his practised eye, each movement of the spot of light represents a letter of the alphabet, and its seemingly fantastic motions are spelling out the intelligence which the pulsings of the electric current are transmitting between the two hemispheres. It is truly marvellous to note how rapidly the experienced operator disentangles the irregular oscillations of the little specks into the letters and words which they represent.

Lady Cricketers in Australia.—A cricket match of a novel description has been played at Sandhurst, with the object of swelling the funds of the local charities. The players were ladies, who went into regular practice for the match, and a local journal said, in noticing their proceedings, "the progress which they made was astonishing, for they picked up the points of the game with wonderful aptitude." A description of the match says of the lady cricketers: "At first it was expected that they should play in Bloomer costume, as being less likely to interfere with their freedom of movement than any other, but the innovation was considered too startling for a British community, and the idea was given up in favor of an attire of the ordinary shaped dress, made of calico, with a colored jacket to distinguish the respective sides. These dresses the ladies purpose handing over as gifts to the charities. Everything being in readiness, the ladies—the one side wearing red Garibaldi jackets and sailor hats, and the other blue jackets and similar hats—marched in pairs, Red and Blue being linked together, from the tent into the field, headed by the respective captains—Mrs. Rae for the Reds, and Miss B. Rae for the Blues. Their appearance was very picturesque, and they were loudly applauded by the on-lookers. The respective captains having tossed for innings, it was decided that the Reds should go to the bat, and they secured a total of sixty-two runs before the last wicket fell. After the lapse of half an hour the Reds took the field, and they put their opponents out for eighty-three runs. One innings each only was played, and victory, therefore, rested with the Blues. Mr. Coffin acted as scorer. When the ladies had assembled in the booth, Mr. Abbott, chairman of the Hospital Committee, thanked the ladies for the successful effort which they had made on behalf of the charities. Mrs. Rae, on behalf of the ladies, replied, stating that the ladies had thoroughly enjoyed the game, and had the utmost gratification of knowing that their efforts had been productive of a substantial addition to the funds of the charities.

LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY;

OR,

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. RUSKIN.

[Commenced in No. 1, Volume 64.]

CHAPTER III.

THE ROLLING-PIN.

Little Gluck had had his head by this time so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling, and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look *very, very* wet," said good-hearted little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

Round he went to the door and opened it, and as the funny little gentleman with the swallow-tailed coat walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made everything rattle and the old chimney totter.

"That's a good boy. All right; never mind your ugly brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't," said little Gluck; "I can't let you stay till they come. Why they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir; and—and it's very brown now."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down in the fireplace, with the top of his queer hat accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said little Gluck.

But the strange old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak or such a swallow-tailed coat; every fold of both ran like a gutter or a water-spout.

"I beg pardon, sir," said little Gluck, glancing in fear at the stream flowing over the floor; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"Oh! no; thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your hat or coat, sir?"

"No, never mind. I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, a little gruffly.

"But—dear me—really, sir," said little Gluck, hesitatingly, "you're putting the fire out, and—and——"

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," interrupted his strange visitor, drily.

Little Gluck was very much puzzled indeed by the behavior of his guest—such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He watched the roast, meditatively, for some time, an occupation in which he was evidently not alone, for the old gentleman at length said, quietly, "That mutton looks very nice; can't you give me a little bit of it?"

"Oh! dear, no," said little Gluck; "it's quite impossible."

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "in fact, I had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day either. Your brothers surely wouldn't miss just a little bit—off the end, you know."

He spoke in such a very melancholy tone, that it made poor little Gluck feel so *sorry* for him that his heart was quite melted.

"They promised me one slice to-day," said he. "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good little boy," said the old gentleman.

Then little Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut quite a large slice out of the roast, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped up—little Gluck, with his heart in his mouth, made a desperate effort to put the slice into the mutton again, and then ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing the umbrella into little Gluck's face.

"Ay! what for, indeed, *you* little vagabond?" said Hans, administering a severe box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Hello!" said Hans.

"Why, bless my soul!" said Schwartz.

"Amen," said the little old gentleman, who had taken off his hat and was standing in the middle of the room, bowing with great politeness, and very rapidly.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin and turning to little Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't—know—indeed—deed, brother," said little Gluck, in great terror.

"Don't know! I'll don't know you; how did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"Dear—dear brother," said little Gluck, "he was so very, *very* wet, and——"

The rolling-pin was descending on poor little Gluck's head; but at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his queer shaped hat, on which it came down with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room, and what was very strange, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the hat than it flew out of Schwartz's hands, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell, with a loud noise, into the corner at the further end of the kitchen.

CHAPTER IV.

S. W. WIND, ESQUIRE.

"Who are you?" demanded Schwartz, in great anger.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a very poor old man, sirs," began the old gentleman, very modestly, "and I saw your great fire through the window, and it looked so warm and good inside, that I begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz, savagely. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without having more brought in by such an old beggar as you."

"It's so cold and wet; you wouldn't, surely, turn an old man out a day like this? See my gray hairs."

"Ay!" said Hans. "There are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread, if I must go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz, "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but give it to such red-nosed old idiots as you?"

"Only a little bit," said the old gentlemen.

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you. Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen, only listen——"

"Off, and be hanged," cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the little old gentleman than away went Hans after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on the top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away *he* went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner, and so there they lay—Schwartz, Hans and the rolling-pin—all three piled in one corner.

Then the little old gentleman spun himself round very rapidly in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his swallow-tailed coat and long cloak were all wound neatly about him; clapped his hat on his head, very much on one side, gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and said, with great politeness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good-day. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if *that* visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch your here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half-frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant, a wreath of clouds that whirled and roared and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a great gush of rain.

"A very pretty piece of business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "If ever I catch you at such a trick again, I'll——bless me, why the mutton's been cut?"

"You promised me just one slice, brother, you know," said little Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, and going to catch all the gravy, I suppose. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room and wait in the coal-cellar till you're called."

Little Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers eat as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and, as usual, proceeded to get very drunk after their dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and fasten the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room.

As the clock struck the hour of midnight they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" said Schwartz, starting up in bed.

"Only I," said the little old gentleman; "it's twelve o'clock, and I've come to call as I promised."

The two brothers sat up on the very top of their bolster and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round and round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, high hat, swallow-tailed coat, and all. There was plenty of room, *for the roof was off.*

"Sorry to trouble you," said the little gentleman, ironically. "I'm really afraid your beds are damp; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there." They required no second admonition, but rushed into little Gluck's room wet through and in an agony of terror, nearly frightened to death. "You'll find my card on the kitchen table; I've called to say good-bye," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, its my last visit."

"Pray heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering.

Day came at last, and the two brothers looked out of little Gluck's window in the morning. The beautiful Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, corn, cattle, everything, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen.

The water had covered the whole first floor: almost every moveable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table, and on it, in large breezy long-legged words was written SOUTH WEST WIND, Esquire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TACT.

Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is Tact. Tact is nimble-footed, and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never rests his head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys, which turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with the familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

THERE is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle of life, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt the bewildering influence?

A SABBATH PICTURE.

BY JAY J. SARGENT.

A calm, sweet, sunny Sabbath! O'er the land
The southern breeze comes wooing from the hills;
Its grateful fragrance falls on every hand,
And bends to kiss the flowers beside the rills.
Above me, in its robe of fairest green,
Whose cooling shade Divine behest hath made,
Waves the tall oak, its em'rald-crested sheen
A rustling curtain o'er this woodland glade.

I sit me down upon the grassy knoll—
The book drops idly at my weary feet;
O'er head the tiny songster's blithe carol
Brings from the vale an echo ever sweet.
Below me winds the stream—its sunny breast
Reflecting azure from the sky above;
Hill, vale, and farm, in summer glory dressed,
And green-capped wood—all whisper, "*God is Love*"

And, far away, half hidden in the trees,
Beside the stream the cosy village stands,
Its spires arising in the sun and breeze,
To lead us to that Home "not made with hands."
O'er all the calm of Sabbath sweetly lays
Its quiet mandate and its blest repose;
The senses teach the heart a hymn of praise
And from the soul its earnest music flows!

The sun sinks westward. Lo! the crimson gate
Of evening throws its glory on the world!
What human hand can ever emulate
This glorious painting in the clouds unfurled?
Rapt in the scene, the eager, soul-lit eye
Sweeps far beyond the outer portals grand,
As if, by faith, to pierce the bars that lie
Before the wonders of Immanuel's land.

The shades are here; soft twilight drooping down,
Rests like a veil o'er river, field, and dell;
The day-breeze sleeps; but from the distant town,
In mournful echoes comes the vesper-bell.
Night's sable curtain draws its folds o'er all,
And hangs her lamps high in the "starry way."
"Peace be with thee," our lips doth softly call—
"We're one step nearer to the Perfect Day."

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER.

The afternoon was well advanced when Bernice opened the door and looked out. Patty Glint was at that moment ascending the stairs. Bernice drew back, and would have retreated into her bed-room again, but Patty stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"A letter, Miss," said she, grimly. "I know you won't refuse that."

Bernice looked bewildered. She held out her hand, and then withdrew it.

"A letter?" she echoed. "I don't believe it."

"Humph! You think, because I hate you, I would do anything to tease you."

"I think you a very bad, disagreeable woman."

Patty flushed, then grinned maliciously.

"You're welcome to your opinion. I don't pretend to be a saint. But I ain't no worse than other girls who have lovers hiding in the shrubbery, who are ashamed to meet them by daylight."

The shot told. Bernice grew crimson.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Nothing," bobbing and grinning. "Only some folks can't have strings enough, it would seem. First, it was Captain Marthe; then that rich Mr. Lasalle—you see I've heard all about him. Now it is Mr. Jasper Layton, the man Dora expects to marry."

At those last words, Bernice caught her breath sharply. It was the first intimation she had had of Dora's engagement.

"Don't be malicious," she said. "You can't wound me in that way. Dora never dreamed of marrying Mr. Layton."

"Didn't?" grinned the old woman. "I know better. They are engaged—it happened at Millbrook, under your very nose."

Bernice felt shocked, grieved, troubled, but she smiled disdainfully. Would Jasper have spoken such words to her as he had done, if he were bound to another woman?

"I thought you claimed to have a letter for me," she said, sharply.

"So I have, miss."

Patty fumbled a moment in the depths of her pocket, and finally brought out a folded slip of paper, which she gave to Bernice.

"Where did you get this?"

"Mr. Layton gave it to me. I stumbled upon him in the grounds. I get this for delivering it safely into your hands."

She held up a yellow gold piece; grinning horribly the while, and with, as Bernice thought, a wicked gleam of triumph in her eyes.

"Go away," she said, shortly. "I don't like to look at you."

"But I am very fond of carrying billet-doux for my lady."

Bobbing a mocking courtesy, the old woman turned and hobbled down the stairs again.

Bernice went back into her bed-room to read the note. It was very brief, and written in a manner to mystify a third person, should it chance to fall into other hands than those for which it was intended.

It ran thus:

"Have learned something to your advantage. Must see you where there will be no danger of eaves-droppers. Meet me at sunset, to-night, at the same spot where our unpremeditated meeting took place last evening."

This was all. No address, no signature. The note was a very odd one, but plain enough to Bernice's comprehension.

"I shall go," she said to herself, after a moment's thinking. "Jasper may have made discoveries that will be decidedly to my advantage."

And yet the tone of the letter displeased her. It sounded like the man she had met in the shrubbery, *not* like the Jasper Layton with whom she had spent so many delightful hours. How could she reconcile the contradiction?

There was much to fret and perplex her, that beautiful summer afternoon. In the first place, there was the mystery of her own parentage to solve, for by Mr. Raymond's own confession he had lied to her when he said she was his cousin Elise's child; then there was the sly insinuation of Patty Glint, that Jasper and Dora were engaged; and last of all, Jasper's incomprehensible conduct.

If all these things were not enough to drive one distracted, nothing could have had that effect.

Bernice felt a thrill of pain whenever she sought to link Jasper's name with Dora's.

"Patty was trying to deceive me," she muttered, at last, with a crimson cheek. "I'm a fool to mind her malicious words in the least. I must have heard of it before, if an engagement really existed."

Then she resolutely banished that subject of perplexity from her thoughts.

At the late dinner, she met some curious looks. Dora was quite pale, with an angry fire burning in the depths of her eyes. Outwardly, however, she was as sweet and calm as ever. But, in spite of her dulcet tones, Bernice could not resist the impression that she was deeply displeased with her, for some cause or other.

Miss Raymond said little. She sat with her thin lips tightly compressed, as if to keep back some sharp sentences that trembled upon them. There was no good will in the glance she gave her guest.

Dinner was over at last, and the sun sunk slowly, until it lay like a great ball of fire, trembling upon the western horizon.

Then Bernice threw a light scarf over her head, and stole from the house to keep the appointment with Jasper Layton.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING.

Like a shadow the girl flitted down the walk, which already looked dark and quiet, though the sky above glowed with the vivid fires of sunset.

Once, a bird fluttered out of a hollow oak, far down the lawn. Bernice stood still, breathing heavily. She stared hard at the oak, as if to impress its conformations upon her mind; then, with a laugh and a shrug, passed on.

More than once she thought she heard footsteps following close upon her own, but if she paused to listen, all was still, and so she banished the impression as a foolish fancy.

Jasper was waiting for her. He stood on the little glade with his back leaned against the tree. He had a cigar in his mouth, and his whole attitude bespoke careless indifference; and yet a close observer might have seen that his nonchalant air was put on.

There was a restless light in his eyes that could not be hidden, and a slight quiver of the muscles about his mouth.

His easy air did not impose upon Bernice. She walked straight up to him, and looked him steadfastly in the face a moment before either spoke.

"You have come," he said, presently. "I thought you would."

"Yes."

She turned away, breathing an involuntary sigh. A feeling of disappointment beset her. It was the Jasper of the previous evening who now stood before her, not the Jasper she had secretly worshiped as a hero, all those weary days!

"You got my letter, Bernice?"

Even the sound of his voice startled her. She missed from it the minor chords that had made it so musical to her ears.

"Should I have been here, otherwise?"

He laughed at her impatience. "Don't get angry with me, my dear," he said. "It wouldn't be worth the while. It is for your interest, decidedly, to treat me with condescension."

She gave him a sharp glance, and cried out suddenly:

"Who are you, and what do you mean by coming here? I know you are not Jasper Layton."

She looked a ghost, and was staring at him with dilating eyes. A strange conviction seemed to have forced itself upon her mind.

The young man changed color. A frown darkened his brow, but was quickly dissipated.

"Hush!" he said, his whole manner changing. "You are talking wildly. Sit still a moment, and try to compose yourself."

He led her to the gnarled trunk of a tree, where she seated herself. She could not have done otherwise. Her trembling limbs refused to support her.

Earth and sky, and the tall graceful figure of the man before her, seemed to spin round and round for some seconds. But at last she rallied and raised her head again.

"Are you better?" said he. "Have you dismissed your foolish delusion?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

"Good." Then with a keen look into her pallid face:

"Perhaps you think I am exhibiting myself in a new light. What then? Every man, and woman, of course, has two faces, if you only knew it. We are not in Miss Dora's drawing-room, and so, I chose to exhibit mine here and now."

"The change does not improve you."

He laughed, shrugged, and carelessly tossed his cigar into a bed of gentians.

"Does it not? No matter. You have seen me at my best. I'm glad you can now see me at my worst."

"Why did you send for me?" Bernice asked, coldly.

"Ah! yes. We may as well come to the real object of this interview at once."

He knelt on the green grass by her side, and took her hand. Bernice's did not thrill at all beneath the touch. She suffered it to be passive in his, and silently waited for him to go on.

"How cold and calm you are," he said, complainingly.

"What would you have?"

"Warmth and feeling. Blushes upon your cheeks and fire in your eyes. I love you, Bernice. I am going to ask you to be my wife."

She drew back in slow recoil. Not a pulse throbbed the faster for his sudden declaration. She sat like one chilled, turned to stone. The words had been uttered for which her secret soul had panted. And yet—strange contradiction—not a nerve in all her body stirred with responsive ardor.

"Dora!" she cried, after a moment's silence. "I thought you were going to marry her?"

His handsome lip curled.

"It was a mistake," he said, sincerely. "Who told you such nonsense?"

"Patty Glint."

"Then Patty Glint must be a great liar. I never dreamed of such——"

A dead twig cracked sharply in the shrubbery, not far away. The young man started to his feet in sudden alarm. He even parted the bushes with his hands, and tried to peer into their dusky depths.

"It was nothing," he said, desisting; "for a moment I feared eavesdroppers."

He returned, crouching down at Bernice's feet again. His handsome eyes swept her face.

"You have not answered me? Is my wooing too passionless? Do not mind that; I am in no mood for rhapsodies. Life is too real, too commonplace for me to indulge in anything of the sort at such a time."

"Did you bring me here merely that you might give utterance to this folly?"

"Partly for that purpose," he answered, flushing.

"I thought you had something to reveal."

"Is my love nothing, then?"

She started, coloring in her turn.

"Something to my advantage, your letter said."

"Oh! Bernice, how can you trifle with me at such a time? Is it not enough that I love you, and would make you my wife? Think how poor and helpless and friendless you are! Think of the unknown perils with which you may be surrounded! Your only safety is a strong arm upon which to lean; your only refuge a fond, true heart; and I offer all you need."

It was true, and Bernice felt it so. The world seemed a dark, dreary place, full of snares and pitfalls. She felt so weak, so womanly, so much alone. And did she not love the man, after all?

She began to blame herself for the chill that had come over her. A little more than twenty-four hours earlier, all her dreams, all her thoughts had been of Jasper. She could not have imagined a happier lot than to become his wife.

Had he really changed so much in that short space? Was not the change in herself, rather? She was growing morbid, hypochondriacal, it might be, under the spell of so much mystery and anxiety. Besides, what could she do, to whom turn, if she sent him from her side?

He watched her expressive face closely while these thoughts floated through her brain, and read her decision there before she had given it utterance.

"You are wise," he said, quietly. "You are going to make me happy."

She turned, and with a soft glow suffusing all her features, dropped her hand in his.

"If my love is necessary to your happiness, I shall not withhold it."

"God bless you!"

He took her in his arms, kissing her a little awkwardly for an accepted lover, as it appeared.

"Now let us pass on to the other object I had in view when I appointed this meeting," he said, with singular *sang froid*, after a brief silence. "You are in danger here. You must not linger at Shrublands longer than you can help."

"I know it," she answered.

"Then my warning was unnecessary."

"Yes. But how did *you* discover my danger? I thought you were wholly blinded to what was going on."

He shrugged his shoulders whimsically.

"Not so. I have suspected something wrong all the while. Of late, I have seen and heard things to confirm my worst suspicions."

"What have you seen?"

"This is not the time or place to tell you. Now, listen to what I have to propose. Of course, the sooner you can place yourself under my protection the better."

"Yes," she answered, frankly, for he waited, as if for a reply.

"Thank you. To-morrow night, at ten, I will have a carriage waiting at the avenue gate. You can manage to leave the house?"

"I think so."

"Good; meet me at the gate, then. We will drive at once to the nearest chapel and be married."

Bernice gave a quick start, and her face grew purple.

"Why this haste—this secresy?" she said, in a faint voice, for the idea did not strike her pleasantly.

"What else can we do? If the Raymonds knew our intentions, they will move heaven and earth to foil us."

"True." She no longer resisted. She felt the strong hand of fate pushing her onward, and was powerless to control her own future.

"You consent to my plan?"

"I do."

"It is well." And once again he kissed her cold lips.

They lingered a few minutes longer to perfect their plans, and then separated.

The sun had long since set, and the grounds were full of shadows when Bernice slowly retraced her steps to the house.

She did not see the dark figure that crept on behind her, wherever the shadows were densest—a woman's figure, for a dark dress brushed the dew-wet grass as she walked.

Happily unconscious of a fact that must otherwise have filled her with the greatest alarm, poor Bernice slipped over the gravel with noiseless feet.

She reached the oak she had passed on her way to the place of meeting. Something caused her to look up at it again, sigh softly, and mutter some unintelligible words. But she did not pause until she had gained her own dressing-room.

Late that night, a ghostly-looking figure might have been seen to slip out at a side door, over the terrace, and down the path to the oak tree.

There it paused for some time, but finally retraced the route by which it had come.

That figure was Bernice's. Impelled by a sense of danger she could neither explain nor conquer, she had thus secretly hidden the ebony casket in a hollow of the oak.

There, she hoped it might rest secure and unsuspected. One thing was certain, it was no longer safe upon her person.

It was a strange thing for a bride to do the eve before her wedding. But Bernice did not think of that; and she would not have cared if she had.

CHAPTER XXV.

LURED TO HER DOOM.

Bernice was sitting in her own room, late in the afternoon of the following day, brooding over her strange situation, when Dora Raymond tapped softly at the door, and entered.

She had on a carriage-dress of dark green silk, profusely trimmed with velvet and fringes; a pair of green kids encased her slender hands, and a hat of the same color completed her unique costume.

She had chosen a bad color for the frame of mind she was in. Unusually pale, she now looked ghastly. Even her lips were bloodless, and her eyes had a strange, shifting, uneasy glitter, scarcely pleasant to see.

Smiling her best, she went straight up to Bernice, and softly kissed her cheek.

"I am going for a drive, dear," she said, in her most dulcet tones, "and came up on purpose to persuade you to accompany me."

Poor Bernice shrank from the caress as she would have done from the deadly contact of a serpent. She could scarcely control her voice to answer:

"I am not well. I would rather remain at home if you will excuse me."

Dora's brow contracted, but she forced herself to say, sweetly:

"You do look pale. That is another reason why you should go with me. The fresh air will do you good."

"What if I were to say I did not wish to go?"

"Then I should ask you to go to please me. I'm sure you would not refuse."

Bernice rose, reluctantly, to put on her wraps. After watching her in silence a moment, with a strange smile upon her lips, Dora said:

"I felt too lonely to take a refusal; the time hangs heavily upon my hands. Mr. Layton will not come out from the city to-day, and we expect no other company. You see I should be quite alone without you."

Smilingly, she drew Bernice's hand into her own, and the two girls descended the stairs together.

Mrs. Raymond met them in the hall. She had just been feeding her husband's numerous pets, and still had a basket of nuts and bonbons, which she was taking away.

"Are you going out?" she said, pausing, and giving Dora a swift glance.

"Yes, mamma."

"You will drive, of course?"

"Certainly. The carriage is at the door. I ordered it some time ago."

"Wait a moment. You are not looking well; let me bring you some wine before you set out."

She went hastily into the dining-room, and, after a brief absence, came out again, bringing a glass in either hand, brimming with the ruby liquid.

"Drink, my poor, pale lilies," said she, forcing a glass upon each of the girls. "It will bring the color into your cheeks again."

Bernice felt faint and exhausted. The wine looked so deliciously tempting in the Bohemian glass, she could not help taking it and draining it to the last drop. It was precisely the sort of stimulant she needed.

Dora merely tasted hers, and then both glasses were returned to Mrs. Raymond.

Bernice was turning to go out when she caught a glimpse of her hostess' face. It was ghastly. A swift, unnatural pallor had spread over it. She looked a ghost.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Raymond?" she exclaimed, stopping abruptly.

"Nothing," was the short, sharp answer. "You had better go, Dora—you and Miss Vance," and she waved her hand in the direction of the door.

Bernice's last backward glance revealed her leaning against the wall, shaking as in an ague fit.

What meant her sudden agitation? Bernice felt frightened and perplexed whenever she thought of it. She was seated in the carriage, and fairly *en route*, before she recovered any degree of calmness.

Dora was strangely silent. She sat with her lips compressed, and a dark look contracting her lovely brows. She seemed in no mood for conversation.

Bernice lay back among the cushions, with one hand shading her eyes. What an odd, romantic life she was leading, with danger and treachery forever brooding over her like dismal shadows. Would it go on thus, forever; or would the shadow lift when she became Jasper Layton's wife, that night?

Hot blushes crimsoned her cheeks at the thought of Jasper. Something of her old reverential trust, her idolatrous love came back, and he seemed the one good, pure, noble man in all the world, who could make her life complete. For the first time, since that meeting in the garden, she longed to put her hand into his, and tell him so.

Presently she became conscious, through one of those strange intuitions that nobody attempts to explain satisfactorily, that Dora was watching her. She dropped her hand, looking up swiftly.

Dora laughed as she did so. But it was quite as much a sneer as a laugh. The sound curdled Bernice's blood. The expression she caught in those glittering eyes turned her cold.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she cried.

Dora's lip curled. The simulated sweetness was all gone now.

"Of what do you complain? If you do not like my regards, they shall be turned in another direction."

"Oh, Dora, Dora!"

"Well, little fool?" sharply and angrily.

Bernice clasped her hands in a gesture of piteous entreaty.

"Why will you not be kind to me?" she pleaded. "Why will you not be true and honest? I want to love you; I could love you very much, if you would only love me. Oh, for God's sake, be a friend to me now!"

She had not meant to say so much. She had not meant to betray all she feared and suspected. But the longing for sympathy and loving words came upon her too strong to be controlled. The words burst from her irresistibly.

She saw Dora start, and glance apprehensively all around. But it was a lonely road which they were traversing at that moment, and after a slight pause she seemed to gather courage again.

"Hush, little idiot," she muttered. "You don't know what you are saying."

Bernice stared hard at her. This rudeness was more frightful than anything that had preceded, it was so bold, so audacious. It seemed to say that the game was in the wicked woman's own hands, and she knew it.

She felt a sudden lethargy creeping over her, mastering her senses. Even in glaring at her triumphant companion, her eyes grew heavy, and the long lashes drooped against her cheek. She recognized the sensation, and a sudden, awful fear beset her.

"What have you done?" she screamed, starting up in her seat, and fighting hard against the fatal hold of the lethargy that was upon her.

"Sit down," said Dora, very white, and in a determined voice. "You shall sit down."

She threw herself upon Bernice with all her strength. The poor girl struggled a moment, panting dreadfully. But the drug had taken a powerful hold upon her, and she fell back, utterly helpless.

"What have you done? Oh, what have you done?" she moaned, in a thick voice.

"Don't you know?" mocked Dora. "We've drugged you, little fool!"

"I never—harmed—you," she said, with difficulty. "Oh, for God's sake—don't—"

The words died away. Her head sunk among the cushions. She fell to the bottom of the carriage and lay there white and rigid as a dead woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACCIDENT.

What strange, unreasoning impulse takes
By devious ways our aimless feet,
The unimagined doom to meet?
For still the fatal thunder breaks

From skies that promise peace. We go,
Scarce e'en on trivial errand bent,
And heed not, and the stroke is sent
That lays life's pleasant fabric low—

Long days of dear domestic peace,
Love into closer union grown,
The newer knowledge made our own,
And ever, as the years increase,

Some clearer height of wisdom won,
And schemes of joyous travel planned
To holy place or classic land,
Or marval of the midnight sun—

All things that counterchange our days
With varied light of toil and ease—
Laborious joys, and cares that please,
Constraint of duty, sweets of praise:—

One step, and over love and light—
Things hoped and things achieved—the all
We are and were to be, will fall
The mournless, unremembering night.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

WAS IT A GHOST?

Jasper Onslow had not long to wait for the trial that was to decide his future destiny. Within a week from the time when he had been arraigned before the magistrates his trial came on.

The remains of Jabez Colliver had been duly committed to the earth during that time; his brother and Ernest Dormer, together with a few persons who had known the dead man, attended at the ceremony, which was conducted as quietly as possible.

Doris Carlyon had gone to Kingcolm, contrary to the expectations of her cousin, who fancied she would have remained in town till Jasper Onslow's fate was sealed, and the result of the trial announced. But his arrest—or something which he could not quite fathom—had made a great change in Doris. She was no longer the brilliant, sparkling creature she had been; a dull languor seemed to have seized her, and destroyed her glowing beauty. She was pale and inert, and dark circles lay under her eyes, telling of sleepless nights and heavy cares.

She looked her full age now, and her maid was in despair that she could not remedy the terrible traces of illness, mental or bodily, or both, which appeared upon her.

Those who knew of what they called the "Onslow *fiasco*," and of Muriel's sudden appearance and threats, shrugged their shoulders, and said what a terrible thing a "grand passion" like that must be, and how very much compromised Miss Carlyon must be to let the downfall of the Onslows affect her so visibly. Her friends would not have blamed her had she died for the love of Jasper Onslow, so she had kept her good looks and light-hearted bearing, and borne her agony in secret. It was grieving openly that society considered such "bad form."

She was quite right to go and hide herself at Kingcolm, poor thing, every one said; but Doris heard nothing of all this. The world judged her wrongly. She felt deeply the ruin she had helped to work; but she would have looked upon that with an undimmed eye and an unquivering lip. She had far deeper reasons for disquiet and alarm.

She went to the prison before she went away, and asked to see Jasper. Muffled up and veiled, she descended from a cab she had hired at some distance from her house, and requested permission to see the prisoner.

She was courteously told that it was optional on the prisoner's part to see any one, and asked for her name.

"I would rather not give it," she replied. "Say a friend who is leaving town wishes to bid him good bye."

Jasper hesitated a few moments, expecting Ernest Dormer and his lawyer, with the latter of whom he held daily long interviews. He had seen no one, but at last he decided to see whoever it might be.

He had thought long and often of Doris Carlyon since his incarceration; but he always pictured her as bright and gay as ever, giving no thought to him or his sorrow, and he was totally unprepared for the sight of the pale, stricken woman, who flung back her veil and greeted him with a sob in her choked voice.

"Doris! Miss Carlyon!" he exclaimed. "You here——"

"Hush! I did not give my name," she said. "It was hardly worth while. Yes, I am here, Jasper. Are you glad to see me?"

Glad! Aye, even with the iron of the prison bars between them, with the far shadowing of a terrible and shameful death upon him, with the knowledge of his ruin and disgrace crushing him to the earth with bitter humiliation, Jasper Onslow felt every nerve thrill with delight at the sight of her face, the sound of her voice. He had not seen her since the moment when Muriel had stood, like an avenging angel, on the threshold of the room where they sat, and uttered the threats, the fulfilment of which had brought him to this prison cell, and still the charm of her presence remained the same.

But she was changed. Her manner was grave and sad, her whole aspect altered.

"How good of you to come," he said, clasping the hand she held out to him. "I thought you had forgotten me, like all the rest."

"I am not good," she said, in a strange, hollow voice. "Who am I that I should turn away from you? I came to say good-bye, that is all; we shall never meet again in this world."

"No, perhaps not," he said, with a shiver—it seemed so strange to him that she should thus allude to possibilities in what seemed such a heartless manner.

"I was not thinking of you," she said, seeing his thought in his eyes, "but of myself. I am going away from London, and I shall never come back."

"Are you going to leave England? Have I anything to do with exiling you? Oh! if I have, forget me altogether. Do not let the thought of my miserable fate spoil one moment's pleasure for your hereafter."

"I am only going to Kingcolm, and you have nothing to do with it," she replied, in the same measured way in which she had spoken before. "But I shall never come back; I am going straight to my death."

"To your death! Are you ill?"

"No, not in body at least. My mind is ill—I cannot tell you how ill, Jasper; but my presentiment is a true one. I shall die, and that before six months are over my head."

There was something in her face and voice that Jasper could not answer, and she smiled a curious mournful smile as she guessed what was passing in his mind.

"I am not mad," she said, "and I shall not commit suicide; but what I have said will come to pass nevertheless. Presentiment has always been a true prophet for many generations in my mother's race, and the curse of it has come upon me now. I shall have looked my last on London when I bid it good-bye to-morrow morning."

"But why leave it?"

"Because bitterer sorrow than death might come upon me if I stayed here. Because—but I didn't come here to pour out my griefs on you. I came to say, Jasper Onslow, give me your hand as you would give it to the dying, and say, 'Doris Carlyon, I forgive you for all the mischief you have wrought to me and mine.' It would bring something of happiness to me, and it will be a pleasant memory to you when you stand face to face with death, in whatever shape it comes to you."

"With all my heart," he said, in a low, earnest tone, wondering at her words and manner. "All the past has been forgiven long ago."

"Forget it if you can," she answered, "and when you think of me at all in the time to come, for there will be a future for you when I am lying by my ancestors' side in Kingcolm vaults (if they will let me lie there), think of me as a woman who loved you, and forget that I sinned in so doing."

She pressed her lips on his hands as she spoke—lips so hot and burning that they seemed to scorch the skin as they touched it—and was gone noiselessly as she came before he had recovered from his astonishment at her presence and her words.

He saw her no more, and the next day he heard from Ernest Dormer that she had left town.

He asked no further questions, nor did he tell her cousin that she had visited him. Somehow, he could not bring himself to speak of her.

She went to Kingcolm as she proposed, and shut herself up there, busying herself with the child Ralph Rutherford, for whom in the midst of her wealthy life in London she had ever manifested the greatest affection.

Already she had provided amply for his future. He was to be educated and put forward in the world in a manner more befitting a gentleman's son than the child of an unknown vagrant.

"I know what I am about," she had said to her lawyer, when he attempted to reason with her on the subject. "I shall hurt no one by providing for this boy, whom I have taken a fancy to. My money is my own absolutely, and if I choose to employ part of it in trying to mould this bit of human clay into a gentleman, may I not do it?"

"Certainly," he replied, and prepared the deeds by which money was tied up and set apart for the sole use and benefit of Ralph Rutherford; to be applied for his schooling and maintenance, while such was necessary, and when he was twenty-one to be his, entirely, free from any control.

"My mind is easier now that it is done," she said to Mrs. Bellew, as they sat together by the fire in the pretty morning room at Kingcolm Grange.

The spring was far advanced—April, with its sunshine and showers, was making the earth look lovely in its garment of green; but it was cold, and Doris' tropical nature loved warmth dearly.

"Was so much necessary?" the old lady asked."

"Yes, I think so, auntie, dear," she replied, toying with the boy's curls, and regarding him with a look of affectionate interest very rare to her beautiful face. "You see, Ralpho here is very dear to me."

"So it seems."

"And it would hardly be fair to him to make a pet and plaything of him now, and then leave him to the mercies of the cold world to battle with it as best he could."

"No, certainly not; but why make such a pet of him, my dear? Is it wise, do you think?"

"Is it wise to pet anything? Oh! auntie, the child loves me; don't try and persuade me it would be better to give up that innocent love. I believe he is the only thing in all this wide earth that loves me for myself alone."

She threw her arms around the child and kissed him passionately, tears raining from her eyes on the little upturned face.

"Doris, what has come to you lately?" Mrs. Bellew said, wondering at her agitation. "I wish you would have some advice, child. I am sure you are going to have an illness."

"An illness! Not I. I'm going to rest here at dear old Kingcolm, and then be as gay as ever again. We'll have a ball on my birthday, auntie, and rouse up the whole county."

"A ball?"

"Yes; why not?"

Mrs. Bellew could hardly have told why not, but the notion filled her with dismay, though she knew it was no use trying to dissuade Doris from anything she took a fancy to. Her birthday was nearly two months off now, and she might alter her mind.

Kingcolm seemed horribly dull now. There was a haunting presence of evil about it—a dread of something that should upset their peace—and the old lady grew quite nervous. The terrible impression left by Mr. Vanburgh's visit to her niece had worn off a little, nothing more having been heard of that gentleman. Doris never dropped a word about jewels, or enlightened her aunt as to her reasons for pawning them, and Mrs. Bellew asked no questions.

The day after their arrival at Kingcolm, little Ralph took a fancy in his head which made the servants declare, some that the house was haunted, and some that the child was bewitched.

He had been sitting with Doris and Mrs. Bellew after dinner, no other guest being present but the clergyman of the parish, who sometimes dropped in. It was nearly Ralph's bedtime, and he had been exhibiting his small accomplishments, among which was singing—for he had a sweet voice—in childlike fashion.

"That will do, Ralpho," Doris said, at length. "Go and look at your picture-book now, and don't be troublesome."

"It isn't here," the child said. "It's there."

He pointed with his finger to the other half of the dining-room, shut off by folding doors when not used, and she pushed open the door and bade him fetch it.

The child went fearlessly through to seek what he wanted, and in another moment those in the inner room heard him spring forward with a glad cry of—

"Papa!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. —*Shakespeare.*

"What did he say?" Mrs. Bellew said, in surprise, and for answer the little voice shouted again—

"Papa! Oh, my papa!" and then there came a sound as of a door cautiously shut, and a wailing cry from the child which made the good old lady and the clergyman start to their feet.

Doris sat like one transfixed, looking as if sudden death had come to her, and stricken her into an open-eyed corpse, while the other two rushed through the open door into the darkened half of the room. The admitted light showed nothing but the little boy standing there crying—not with fright, as it seemed, but with grief and disappointment.

Mrs. Bellew wiped his eyes and questioned him.

"It was my papa," he said, "and he has gone away."

"Where was he, my dear?" the clergyman asked, much more matter of fact than good Mrs. Bellew, whose mind had already reverted to ghosts and all such intangible bugbears.

"He was there, and he went away through the window," the boy replied. "Oh, I want to go with him!"

They strove to pacify him, and took him to where Doris sat, cold and pale.

"My dear Miss Carlyon," the old gentleman said, "you look terribly alarmed. I assure you there is no trace of any one about. Your young *protégé* is evidently highly imaginative, and has fancied he saw somebody."

"No, I didn't fancy," the boy persisted, stoutly. "It was my papa, and he was standing there when I went in."

"It was a burglar," said Mrs. Bellew, in extreme terror. "Oh, Mr. Franks, do you think we shall be robbed and murdered in our beds?"

"Burglars don't come at eight o'clock on a spring evening," Mr. Franks replied. "More likely it was a tramp come to see what he could pick up. I am sorry to see you look so terrified, Miss Carlyon. I have fastened the window securely."

"I am terrified," Doris said, her breath coming in short, painful gasps. "Ring for them to take Ralph to bed, please, aunt. Don't go out any more, Mr. Franks, I beg. You—you might meet the robber, you know, and then——"

She laughed rather wildly, and seemed so hysterical that he was puzzled what to make of her. He yielded to her wishes so far that he only went to the dining-room window and looked out. Not a trace of any intruder was to be seen. The pretty flower garden, on which the window opened, was as still and quiet as though nothing heavier than a butterfly ever brushed its opening flowers, and not a movement stirred the leaves of the trees that cast their shadows over the soft, velvety grass.

"I think it was all a fancy," he said, as he returned to his seat; but he was wrong for once.

At that very moment a man was crouching behind a clump of laurel, against which he himself had leaned not a minute before, and looking up at the many windows of the Grange with an evil eye—a dark, haggard, unshorn man, who shook his fist as he muttered curses on the house and all in it save one—that one the child, Ralph Rutherford.

"I couldn't do it while his cheek lay against hers, and his arms were round her neck," he said to himself, "but I can wait—I can wait, as I have waited, for my revenge. Every moment of delay makes it sweeter. Oh, it is a sweet morsel, and I am tasting it now. Every hour of her life since she found the folded paper in her drawer has been a burden to her. It shall be heavier yet, for she shall see me before she dies."

No sign of thief or ghost was to be found in or about the Grange the next day, and though the child persisted in his story, the subject was tabooed, and no one spoke of it. Indeed, the interest concerning the trial of Jasper Onslow, whom every one about the Grange knew and had liked, put the thought of "little Ralph's ghost," as the servants called it, out of their heads.

The court was crowded to suffocation on the morning when Jasper Onslow was placed at the bar to take his trial indicted for murder and robbery. Delicate ladies, who would have fainted at the idea of an uncarpeted room and an uncushioned chair, had finessed and fibbed and wheedled for a seat on the hard benches in the stuffy court, to hear the shameful story of the man whose hospitality they had often shared, and whose wife they had bitterly envied. Languid swells, who fancied that to go east of Temple Bar would be to compromise their dignity forever, laid aside that article for the nonce, and lounged down to the court, ready to offer bribes to any extent, so they could secure a corner whence they might witness the humiliation and misery of the man whose dinners they had eaten, and whose company they had sought because of his wealth and standing in the world.

Every available inch of room was occupied when Jasper was brought up between two policemen and placed at the bar. He was very pale, but quite quiet and calm, plainly dressed, without a trace of ornament. The chain he wore when arrested, his studs, links and rings had all disappeared, and he wore a morning suit of gray tweed, as unostentatious as could possibly be. An awful silence pervaded the court as the trial began, and he was asked to declare himself guilty or not guilty, according to the prescribed formula.

"Not guilty," was the quiet reply, perfectly audible all over the court, and the business of the day went on.

An eminent counsel, famous for his sharp, terse style of argument and his skill in cross-examining reluctant or nervous witnesses, appeared for the prosecution. The prisoner conducted his own case, but he had at hand eminent legal assistance, provided by Ernest Dormer!

But witness after witness passed into the box and out again without any attempt on his part to cross-examine them. Anthony Colliver told his tale, people from Limehouse told theirs, and still he said nothing.

"Have you any questions to ask this witness?"

"No, my lord."

The formula was repeated after every one, the prisoner preserving his equanimity throughout until the Rev. Alphonse Lemaitre was called, and the gentle face of the old French priest appeared above the rail of the box. Father Lemaitre's evidence was very condemnatory. He told of the money being in English notes, and of the jewels. He spoke of the prisoner's extreme agitation over his cousin's death—a thing he could never account for till now; but he narrated, almost with tears, on being cross-questioned, how Jasper's goodness had saved many of his people from starvation.

"And I cannot believe him guilty; and I would cut off my right hand rather than harm him," he said, in passionate French, when they told him he might go down, and the few words were not lost on those who understood them.

The doctor from Limehouse was the last witness called, and he deposed to the finding of the body and the fact of the death. A few skilful questions from the prisoner's solicitor elicited the fact that he could find no trace of violence on the corpse, and the story of Jabez Colliver's previous ill health.

"You mean us to infer that there was no murder?" the judge asked.

"I do, my lord," was the reply. "As far as human judgment can be sure of anything, I am sure the man was dead before he was thrown down the well, and knowing what I did of his previous state of health, I am equally sure he died from natural causes."

A murmur of satisfaction ran through the court, but the prisoner said never a word until the prosecuting counsel had declared his case concluded; when permission being given, every ear was strained to hear what the quiet figure standing in their midst in such wonderful composure would have to say.

Jasper Onslow inclined his head to the judge and slightly to the jury as he began to speak, which he did without hurry or agitation, like a man who is prepared for the worst that can befal him.

"I have pleaded not guilty," he said, "as you have just heard, because it is the simple truth. It will be for you, gentlemen, to decide presently whether you think it truth or falsehood; but in the presence of Heaven and my earthly judges, I declare solemnly that Jabez Colliver came to his death through no act of mine. The last witness spoke truly. He died from natural causes, unaccelerated by any act of mine."

He paused a moment, and a slight shiver ran through the court. There was something in the quiet voice and the perfect repose of the prisoner that carried conviction with them, and the people began to believe that there might be some mistake, after all, and that murder did not rank among Jasper Onslow's crimes.

"I am guilty of much," he said, after a moment. "I have no wish to conceal or palliate one jota of what I have done, but I never lifted my hand against that old man's life. He was kind to me, I was in his confidence, and I had a thousand chances of robbing him, had such a thing ever entered my head. You have heard how he proposed going away, and how I remained in the Manor House all night to help him arrange and put away certain valuable articles before he left. I knew he was wealthy; I had no idea how wealthy till that night. He was very feeble, and several times he had to sit down and rest during the time we were together. The last thing he did was to make a copy of some memoranda from a little book—the one, doubtless, that the witnesses have spoken of. He sent me up stairs for something. When I returned, the book was gone, and he was sitting on a box gasping for breath.

"'It will be my last journey, Jasper,' he said, and almost with the words on his lips he fell forward into my arms. He was dead, gentlemen, before I could lay him down; in that one moment of horror and astonishment the scheme I carried out entered in all its details into my mind. It was known he was going away—his feebleness had been noticed—if he never came back, people would fancy he had died abroad. He had told me a hundred times that he had no relations upon earth, and the money and jewels would tell no tales, as I thought. To personate him and deceive the policeman, who believes he has told the truth in the matter, was an easy task where wigs and garments of every sort were to be had for the putting on. That done, I had several hours before me to dispose of the corpse and look for the money, of which the paper I had seen was a list.

"What I did with the body of Jabez Colliver you know—how I seemed to come by the money you have also heard. My cousin's death gave color to my sudden accession to the money, which I had placed where the good priest saw me find it. No words of mine can alter what I have done. My lawyer has instructions to hand to Mr. Anthony Colliver, whom I robbed, the property which belongs to him. My life since the hour when his brother lay dead at my feet has been one long torture, to which the hangman's grip cannot add a single pang."

The prisoner sat down at the end of his speech. The judge saw the growing pallor of his face, and motioned to the gaoler to place a chair in case he fell. It seemed as though life and energy died out together with the end of his voluntary confession.

A very brief summing up, after the examination of a few witnesses to character, etc., and the jury retired to consider. Jasper took no notice, never even raising his head when the crowded court burst into applause that would not be controlled at the foreman's words.

"Not guilty" of the first charge. The second indictment for the robbery was then proceeded with, the verdict in that case being "guilty," but recommended to mercy on account of extenuating circumstances.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

NEVER make a promise when the power of performing that promise depends on another.

A ROOFLESS CITY.

In Pompeii not a dozen buildings are now covered; and the roofs of these are brick arches—the most notable one being the Thermæ, or public bath-house, which had a frontage of three streets, its principal entrance being from the street of Fortune. The weight of the mud-ashes crushed in all the roofs not made of arches, and tumbled down more or less the partition walls, which gives the city a ragged, ruinous aspect when viewed from the streets. But there is no mark of fire. The walls are not cracked and blackened, or calcined, but look as new and natural as they did the day before the eruption. The stucco walls and the fresco pictures appear as fresh as those of modern Italian towns.

The city evidently has been overtaken by some great misfortune, as is attested by its roofless, doorless, windowless, empty houses, and silent, deserted streets. But the disaster which had befallen it seems to be the work of yesterday, or last month at longest, and it is simply impossible to believe that eighteen hundred years have passed since the calamity. On thousands of chamber-walls may be seen ornamental frescoes and mosaics, and pictures of every kind, male and female figures in fanciful attitudes and attires; animals, fishes, serpents, birds, flowers, landscapes, fruit-pieces, classical and gladiatorial scenes, and mythological incidents and groups—many of them of great beauty and exquisite finish.

The writer will not attempt to describe the temples, pantheons, theatres, circus, amphitheatre, courts of justice and gaol, city council chamber, and market-places. The guide-books are full of these, and people who have not seen them have either read all about them, or may do so at their leisure. The amphitheatre, however, was a huge building, four hundred feet by three hundred, and would seat twelve thousand spectators. It was crowded on the day of the destruction of Pompeii; and when the great black cloud rolled its darkness over the doomed city, amid fierce flashes of lightning, loud bursts of thunder, and convulsive shocks of earthquake, the twelve thousand spectators of the combats in the arena between the gladiators and the lions and tigers fled in terror from the city, half suffocated with noxious fumes, pelted by a downfall of mud, and deluged by a torrent of rain. From the knowledge gained by the excavations, it is believed that not more than one thousand persons were caught in the volcanic storm in the city, and perished there. How many lost their lives wandering in the thick darkness beyond the walls can never be known. Thousands escaped by the vessels in the harbors, and other thousands, undoubtedly, by the roads along the bay.

After the catastrophe was over, and the mountain had resumed its repose, the survivors ventured back to look for their pleasant homes, now buried out of sight, with only here and there the top of a pillar or the arch over high walls projecting above the surrounding embankments of gray ashes and pumice sand. They tarried to search for buried treasures, statuary, and other valuables. It is observed by the excavators that hundreds of pits had been dug down into the *atria* of houses, and trenches therefrom were cut into the chambers in search of personal effects. Comparatively little of the precious metals have been found in cleaning away the *debris* and ashes from houses and shops, and it is thus accounted for that so little has been discovered. The owners would naturally prolong the search while there was a prospect of recovering any of their valuables. The work was not difficult, as the materials to excavate were light and easily handled, and the inhabitants, of course, knew where to look for property worth the trouble of search; for nothing was burned, but only crushed or buried down under the weight of twenty-five feet of wet, sticky ashes, and gravelly pumice. Yet, after they had finished their search, and abandoned the site of the city for ever, an enormous quantity of things have been exhumed during the last one hundred years. The Royal Museum of Naples contains fully ten thousand articles, of every imaginable description, taken from the ruins. It requires whole days to go through the rooms of the museum, merely glancing at the things found in Pompeii; and these are but a small part of what were recovered. Every museum in Europe is more or less stocked with curiosities from Pompeii; and hundreds and thousands of private persons have secured many valuable and beautiful articles. A score or two of painters may be seen continually making copies of the Pompeiian frescoes, and pictures, and bas-reliefs, in the galleries of the Royal Museum.

THE WORLD FAILING AT LAST.—Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age wrote, "I am all alone in this world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet, but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; but I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude." And in this state of mind the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" died.

HASTY FRIENDSHIPS.—Some people are continually acquiring "dear friends." Ladies of an impressible nature have been known to add two or three to their list every week during the season. Men are not, generally speaking, as apt to rush into friendship as the more amiable sex; yet many of us contract friendships in haste, that we repent at leisure. True friends are scarce articles. They cannot be picked up like pebbles. Will the ladies excuse us for saying that men's friendships are, in most cases, stronger than theirs? The charming young creatures who walk with their arms linked around each other's waists, and exchange kisses and confidences daily, are not, as a general thing, so closely wedded together by mutual affection but that envy or jealousy may part them or even make them enemies.

IT is folly to call the joys of childhood the greatest. They are like the earliest flower of spring, the crocus, lovely and richly-tinted, but small and scentless. It is summer that brings forth flowers of matured splendor and fragrance.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

PUZZLES.

1.

Suppose a start in life I want,
And don't object to trade,
What sort of flower should I procure
Before that start is made?

2.

A fortune-hunter keen was John,
True love he called a whim;
He wanted money with his wife;
What flower is like to him?

REBUS.

First, a semicircle make,
Add to this another
Figure of two little lines,
Meeting with each other;
Then a perfect circle form,
Truly, neat, compactly,
Add another form to those,
Like the first exactly;
Then, to make it all complete,
Form a kind of angle,
With a straight line, that should meet
In a kind of tangle;
When you this have rightly done
('Tis the truth I'm telling),
You will get an article
Useful in a dwelling;
Should you this decapitate,
You may have another
Article, which, in its place,
Is useful as the other.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; to wager; bolted; a large country; to stop; a conjunction; a vowel.

The centrals, read down and across, will give the name of a restored empire.

FLOWER ACROSTIC.

An emblem of deceit; bravery; justice; esteem; dignity; revenge; prudence; frugality; patriotism; generosity; sympathy.

The initials, read downwards, give an emblem of true love.

FLOWER CONUNDRUMS.

1.

When angry frowns the winter's blast,
And seething waters roar,
What flower would aid the shipwreck'd crew,
To reach the wish'd-for shore?

2.

The sailor bound for foreign shore,
In search of wealth or fame,
In his darling's ear these words he breath'd;
What flower will give their name?

ENIGMA.

The sweetest, the dearest, the best;
The nearest to angels on earth,
No verse I could rhyme, no song I could sing,
Would describe all my value and worth.
In beauty, in virtue, in love,
In honor and truth, I've no fear;
Search the earth, or the air, or the wave,
You never will find my compeer.
So loyal in sickness or health,
So gentle in sorrow or pain,
So tender, devoted and pure,
But reverse this fair picture again:
So deceitful, so artful, so bad;
Cold, and false as the waves of the sea;
To be won by a gem, to be purchased by gold;
The earth holds no sinner like me.
I often caress where I hate;
I am black, yet pretend to be fair;
I drive men to horror, to death,
To murder, to madness, despair!
I incite to the bravest of deeds;
I bewilder, cajole, and beguile;
I freeze by the wrath of my frown;
I repay by the warmth of my smile.
Man claims the dominion of earth,
And loftily calls himself free;
He is bound by a thread, by a chain;
He is vanquished, the victor is me!

ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.

Now, my friends, if you're inclined
A solution to this charade to find,
'Tis but a very little sum
To solve when your day's work is done.
First of all, you'll have to place
A hundred to begin the race;
And if you have this rightly done,
Just place beside it a small one;
And now, to get you in a fix,
You'll have to add the number six;
Now stop, and don't go quite so fast;
Add two score and ten, which is the last;
This sum now being at an end,
The answer to the editor send;
Read it down, its total see;
What it touches, all should be.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADES.

1. My *first* an article, my *second* a list of voters, my *third* an interjection, my *whole* the god of the fine arts.

2. My *first* is to plunder, my *second* a pronoun, my *third* a man's name (abbreviated), my *whole* the god of preserved corn.

3. My *first* is to summon, my *second* a pronoun, my *third* is to enclose, my *whole* the god of rhetoric and epic poetry.

4. My *first* an article of attire, my *second* an article, my *whole* the goddess of fire.

5. My *first* a hollow vessel, my *second* a preposition, my *third* an article, my *whole* the goddess of war.

PALINDROME.

I'm a word of five letters, and boldly proclaim
That read backwards or forwards, my meaning's the same;
As a title of honor I'm often in use,
But when ladies quarrel, a term of abuse.

LOGOGRIPH.

If from a little animal
You take the tail away,
To your wandering eyes it will
A Jewish priest display.

ANSWERS TO "OUR OWN SPHINX." No. 1, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. Ruler. 2. Eyes. 3. Tears. 4. Letter A.

CHARADES.—1. Millwheel. 2. Sleepless. 3. Her-ring. 4. Snow-drop. 5. Pillory.

LITTLE CHARADES.—1. Form-ally. 2. Plum-age. 3. Den-mark. 4. Earl-Marshal. 5. Pear-main. 6. Frank-fort.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1. In 7½ days the man and boy together would dig the whole trench. They must change places in half this time, 3¾ days. 2. 6 7-11 days.

CONUNDRUMS.—Abstemiously. Facetiously.

FACETIÆ

A BAD OMEN—To owe men money.

A GREAT OBJECT IN LIFE—A giant.

SOME men never amount to anything unless they get into hot water.

THE wise man commands his tongue, but the fool's tongue commands him.

REFUSAL on the part of a husband to push the baby-wagon on Sundays is to be made the ground for a divorce in Chicago. It is expected that this law will make Chicago husbands do a "pushing" business.

JENKINS, of the Indianapolis *Journal*, describing a recent fashionable wedding in that city, says that the groom and his groomsman "were handsomely dressed in black satin necktics, white vest, and their button-holes well filled with fragrant roses." The costume must have been more picturesque than becoming. There is a noticeable incompleteness about it.

CHINESE vegetable peddlars are, as a rule, very accommodating to their customers. A Celestial who had been serving a San Francisco family with garden sass was recently stricken down with small-pox, since which time the vegetables have been procured from another quarter. The lady of the house afterwards overcame her scruples, called in a passing peddlar, and purchased from him a quantity of strawberries, potatoes and turnips. As she was dealing these out she sort of weakened, and said, "John, you no got small-pox, eh?" "No, no, me don't habe got; bringee tomorrow."

I'm thinking of the time, Kate,
When sitting by thy side,
And shelling beans, I gazed on thee,
And felt a wondrous pride.
In silence leaned we o'er the pan,
And neither spoke a word,
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

The auburn curls hung down, Kate,
And kissed thy lily cheek,
Thy azure eyes half filled with tears,
Bespoke a spirit meek.
To be so charmed as I was then,
Never before occurred,
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

HATBAND MOURNERS.—A fire burned down some business premises in Sydney, Australia, and, amongst others, the shop of a man who was so well covered by insurances that the company disputed his claim. Amongst the stock alleged to be lost, were ten thousand mourning hatbands. The counsel for the company cross-examined the sufferer by fire about these hatbands—wasn't it an extraordinary large number? What probability was there of deaths creating a demand in a single shop for ten thousand hatbands? Replied the witness: "I did not keep the hatbands for those who grieve for the death of their friends; but for those who go into mourning for the grease of their hats." He got his insurance money.

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.—"Talking of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Straight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a gonina," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico; sometimes it's a legend of his love; sometimes a marvelous stock transaction. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested; one by one they gape with astonishment at the wonderful and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Straight, with a deep sigh, "I wish we had a dozen of the bivalves here—they'd open easy."

A QUESTION OF HASH.—A young blood, much given to quizzing people, went into an eating-saloon, and with quite a deal of flourish took a seat at one of the tables. A colored waiter approached him with a look of inquiry on his shining mug.

"Well, sah?"

"What have you got to eat?" asked the customer.

"Oh! got most anything, boss."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes, sah, shuer."

"Almost anything. Well, well, give me a plate of that," said he, looking earnestly at the darkey.

The waiter returned his gaze for a moment, and catching the fellow's idea of quizzing him, he yelled to the cook at the further end of the room:

"One plate of hash!"

"What's that? I ordered a plate of 'that'—didn't you understand? 'Almost anything'—which you spoke of.'

"Well, dar's most everything in hash. Yah! yah! yah!" and the darkey laughed as though he really enjoyed the joke that he had turned upon the quizzer.

THE BIGGEST ROW.—Not long ago, a fellow, apparently in a state of great excitement, rushed into a saloon in this city, and, throwing his hat on the bar, he cried to the barkeeper:

"Give me a drink, Dan, quick! There'll be the biggest row you ever saw in about two minutes!"

Dan set out the whisky bottle, and, while the stranger nervously filled his glass to the brim and drank it off at a swallow, tightened his belt, and looked at the chambers of his revolver.

Leaving his hat where it was thrown, the excited stranger hurriedly ran to the door, looked out for a moment, and then rushed back to the bar and exclaimed, "Yes, in less than half a minute there'll be an awful time here! Give me another drink—quick!"

The bottle was again passed out, another glass was drained, and the stranger had picked up his hat, and was leisurely walking away, when the barkeeper called after him, "Say, look here! What's all this about a row? You just come back here and pay for them drinks, or I'll let daylight into your hide!"

At this the stranger turned about, his excitement entirely gone, and coolly said, "There you go! Didn't I say there'd be a fearful row here in a minute? I know it. There you go, just as I expected!"

By this time Dan saw the joke and quietly tumbled.

THOUGHTS.

"The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson and gold, azure; one by one
I saw the colors blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they."

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
"And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?" I said;
"And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unresting feet?

Shall we love there, as here—what thinkest thou?"
He answered slowly, with a thoughtful face,
"If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul.

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be
As if we ne'er had lived." With blanched cheek
I answered, "Say not that; it frighteth me."
"Why," said he, smiling, "How art thou so weak?
Why fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest."

A FIGHT WITH POACHERS.

"It's a first-rate gun, Bob; and I wouldn't take—pass the decanter—wouldn't take fifty pounds in hard cash for it. Let's see—two hares, two brace of pheasants, and a wood-pigeon, besides your bag; and I'm certain we should have done twice as well if it wasn't for the confounded poachers."

"By-the-way, old fellow," said I, passing, but previously taking toll from the decanter—"by-the-way, that last cock assuredly belonged to my bag. Winged as he was, I was sure of him, without your pouring that second charge into the poor brute."

"Nonsense, man; he'd have gone clean off. Such pieces as yours are well enough for partridge-shooting; but for a pheasant, there's nothing like a breech-loader."

Now, I knew from experience that my old friend, Jack Raynshaw, would have his own way, if I talked for an hour; so I made a virtue of necessity, and gave him the disputed bird, which was, on the whole, generous, seeing that Jack had asked me down for a week's shooting, and the bird in question was undoubtedly his own, probably hatched in the henroost, fed on the lawn, and certainly watched over with as much, nay more, care than any old chanticleer on the dunghill! Squire Raynshaw was a staunch game preserver, and had been so ever since he came in for his uncle's estate, and left me the sole occupant of the second-floor chambers in Gray's Inn. But Jack was not a bad fellow. In taking prosperity to his bosom, he had done so without letting it displace his heart; and in spite of a certain amount of egotism, and of his having taken a wife to preside over the Hall, Jack was Jack still; and many a happy fortnight we spent together, talking over old times after dinner, and keeping the ladies waiting till out of patience, whilst we, in a happy state of forgetfulness, discussed a bottle of nectar, which, glowing upon the old mahogany table, sent flashing back the light of the fire in a spirit of independence that seemed to say: "I've not lain forty years in bottle without having a glow of my own, that can put your evanescent light into the shade."

Jack got up and poked the fire into a brighter fit, and then made himself a shadowed and disproportioned monster on the wainscot opposite, by turning his back to the cheerful blaze, and tucking his coat-tails under his arms.

"Now, Bob, a cheroot each, and then tea and the ladies. Ah! if it wasn't for the poachers, there wouldn't be a prettier bit of shooting for fifty miles round; there's no such covers in the neighborhood. But I believe those fellows of mine are curs. Jones has taken on a new watcher this week, who is to do wonders; but I haven't seen him yet. Hang 'em! I don't think they're rogues, or I'd say they were in league with some of the poaching vagabonds. However, 'Set a thief to catch a thief;' I'll take on one of the biggest poachers in the place, and make him keeper; for hang me if I like having my game kept down in the way it has been. I was over at Stubbleton the other day, and I could have sworn to one hare I saw hanging at the poulterer's. The beggar had no tail, and I've seen it about the nine acres more than once. But we'll have the *creme de la creme* to-morrow, old boy. We haven't been to Copse Corner yet; and we'll have almost a battue there. You must put a stronger charge in that gun of yours, and I'll give you a few— What the deuce was that?"

I had heard nothing, and said so.

"I'll give you a few shots. There again! By Jove, they're at it in the very place;" saying which, Jack rattled down the shutters, and flung open the window. The wind swept by in gusts, bearing with it the dry leaves upon the gravel walk; the night was dark as a railway tunnel, and we stood with our heads out for a few minutes attentively listening. I was just going to drop a hint about his being mistaken, when "bang, bang" went two guns, evidently at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile from where we stood.

"In my best preserve," roared the squire; "just in the very place—hang 'em." Down went the window. "I'll let 'em know." Jangle, jangle, went the bell. "You'll come with me, Bob?"

"Of course," said I. "But what are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" he re-echoed. "Why, take the vagabonds, to be sure. Here, Thomson," he shouted to the butler; "my shooting-jacket and hat—my boots too," he roared after the departing Mercury. "No; never mind—hang the boots!"

In less than two minutes, we had slipped on our shooting-jackets and hats; and Jack, armed with a constable's staff, and I with a keeper's bludgeon, were on the point of slipping out of the front-door, when a faint scream arrested us; and upon turning round, we saw Mrs. Raynshaw and her sister at the head of the stairs. The news had ascended to the drawing-room, and a scene was impending; but Jack rushed up to his *cara sposa;* and amid a torrent of expostulations and expressions of fear, I heard him keep up a running fire of "No danger—keepers—plenty of help—constables—jail—vagabonds—quiet—care of myself," etc.; and a few moments after we were off at double-quick march over the lawn, when the darkness compelled us to reduce that speed to a walk. We heard another shot from the same direction as we issued from the front-door, and then all was silent, with the exception of our hurried footfalls as we hastened on, I having, on my part, enough to do to keep up with my companion. Our route was very dark, and rendered none the more agreeable by our having to squeeze through an occasional hedge, or force our way through a plantation, clothed as we were about the lower extremities in dress-boots and trowsers. However, we pushed on till we came to what seemed to be an extensive oak-plantation, where Jack began to reconnoitre. He stopped at intervals to listen, but the whistling and moaning of the wind through the half-bare trees were the only sounds that greeted our ears. "Let's go round by the other side," he whispered at last, "and then we can head them towards the village, and so cut off their retreat. I almost wish now that I had sent down to the lodge, and brought up Jones and the watchers, and then we should have been sure of them."

"So do I," said I, laconically.

"Eh! why you're not afraid, are you?"

"O no; I can't say I'm afraid," I replied; "but I don't much like the job," which was speaking facts.

"There'll be no tussel," said Jack; "all you've got to do is to hit the first fellow you come across smartly on the right arm above the elbow, and he'll give in directly."

"All right?" said I, taking a fresh grip of my weapon, but not without sundry misgivings that the advice I had received might prove worse in practice than it sounded in theory.

We had now skirted round the edge of the copse, and speaking in a low whisper, Jack said: "We'll get over the hedge here, and beat through the cover;" saying which, he gave a spring, and leaped over the ditch. There was a rustle, and a crackling sort of crash, and then the squire's voice gave utterance to something that sounded uncommonly like an imprecation.

"What's wrong?" I whispered.

"Oh, hang it!" growled Jack.

"Well, what is it?" I reiterated.

"Oh, come over, I'm staked!"

I went over, but in a slower and more cautious manner, and found that my friend's person and clothes had somewhat suffered, for he had jumped upon a hedge-stake; and we had to spend five minutes in repair of damages by tearing up our handkerchiefs and binding up the fluttering trowser to his scarified leg.

At last we set off again, the squire leading the way, and stopping to listen every few minutes. After about a quarter of an hour's ramble up and down the narrow paths, pricking my legs, tripping over roots, and getting smacks in the face from the rebounding hazel, Jack turned round to me and said:

"They're gone, Bob."

"A very good job, too," said I, for I felt excessively crusty, and wished myself back by the fire.

"Humph!" said Jack.

Presently the squire tripped up, and went sprawling in among the bushes. I helped him to pick himself up, and we were both muttering anathemas upon the darkness, when we heard a sharp crack, as of a dead branch snapped by a passing footstep, and then the rustling of the underwood, as though somebody were forcing a way through.

"Now, Bob!" said my friend, as, turning in the direction of the sound, he groped his way on.

I wished myself anywhere but where I was, but there was nothing else for it, so I pushed on after him, fully determined to have the first cut at anybody I met. I had but little time for thought, for there was a scuffle, oaths, blows, and then a great brute of a fellow came at me like a bull. There was no stopping for conversation, and following out my preconceived determination, I hit at him, and the bludgeon came down "thud" upon the fellow's shoulder. He roared out an oath, and in a moment my left arm fell numbed to my side, all thoughts of cowardice vanishing with the pain. I hit at him, single-stick fashion, and it was give and take with us for the next five minutes. The fellow must have had an iron skull, for I know I caught him over it five times, and in return received several nasty blows, and a cut on the forehead, from which a comfortable warm stream began to flow. Just in the very height of the conflict, I heard some one come blowing and panting behind me, and, dreading a new enemy, I made a desperate cut at my adversary. I believe the blow fell upon his hand, for his bludgeon dropped, and with a sort of howl he turned and fled, just as the squire came limping up.

"The field's ours, but it's no use to follow them, Bob," said he; "they know the country; and what with that cursed hedge-stake, and the scuffle I've had, I'm about done up."

"So am I," said I, mechanically putting my hands in my pocket, and leaning against a tree. "I've had a fellow like a mad bull to deal with. How have you fared?"

"Don't ask," growled Jack; "I'm half killed."

As we spoke, one of my hands came in contact with a powder-flask; but the other fared better, for I drew out my little leather-covered flask, which I always fill before setting out on an excursion, and on shaking it, I found, to my delight, that it was half-full.

"Here, old boy, take a pull," said I, passing the flask.

"Ha!" said the squire, drawing a long breath; "that's like new life. What do you say to a pursuit, Bob?"

I was too busy with the flask to answer at once, but when at liberty I returned a decided negative. "Which is the nearest cut home?" I said, giving a species of groan with the pain I was suffering.

"You seem bad, Bob; suppose we try a little more brandy. Now, follow me," said the squire; and he led on, but very slowly, for we limped over the ground at a very different rate from the one at which we came.

There was very little conversation till we reached the house, my friend merely expressing his wonder at what the fellows had done with their guns. We went round to the back entrance, and quietly entered the dining-room, so as not to alarm the ladies. The butler stared at us with astonishment, and the same performance was reciprocated between ourselves. The squire was a perfect scarecrow—face torn, mouth bleeding, and with one eye closed; and upon consulting the glass I found that I was in no better plight. Glasses were sent for; and after the decanter had passed twice—Thomson keeping watch outside that we might not be discovered by the occupants of the drawing-room—Jack stretched out his hand, squeezed mine, and said, "Bob, old fellow, you're a trump!"

Saying which he rose, and we were about to adjourn to our rooms, when we heard voices in the passage, and directly after Thompson pushed in his head, with "Here's Jones and the watcher, sir; they've just had a fray with poachers——"

"And got them?" said the squire.

"And wants to see you about going to the magistrates. They have got it horful, sir!"

"Show 'em in," said his master.

There was at once a great deal of shoe-rubbing, coughing and shuffling, and then in came Mr. Jones, the keeper and the watcher. The latter gentleman had both his eyes nearly closed up, a fearful cut across the bridge of his nose, and a tooth knocked out. Jones was all whiskers and blue handkerchief, for his head was swathed in bandages, in addition to which he carried his right arm in a sling.

The two men stood and stared, or tried to stare at us, for a few moments, when the squire broke out:

"Lord bless my soul! where did this happen? The scoundrels are out in force to-night? Here, my lads, have a glass of wine."

The lads seemed no way averse to the glass of wine, nor yet to another. As for myself, I sat petrified, and forgot my pain, for a fearful suspicion had crossed my mind.

"Now, Jones," said the squire, "where was it?"

A sort of muffled growl came from beneath Jones' bandages as he said:

"Heard firin', sur, and we tracked it to be in Copse Corner, sur, though he say at first it were in Burnet Bottom; and when we got to the Corner about ten fellows set upon us, an' at last we was 'bliged to give in—worn't we, Bill?"

Bill nodded and grunted, and seemed to be looking for a place wherein to expectorate.

The squire began to shuffle about uneasily in his chair, looking first at the keepers and then at me. I was aching with pain from my efforts to keep from bursting out into a guffaw. Just then Jones turned round and caught my eye, and I said to him: "Are you sure there were ten, Jones?"

The man pushed up his bandages to get a better look at my battered face; then stared at the squire, then again at me, then at Bill, and last of all, threw his hat on the floor and exclaimed: "Well, I'm blowed!"

The squire fumbled in his pocket for a minute, and then got up, giving a groan as he did so, and stuffed something into each of his servants' hands as he said: "Have another glass of wine, my lads; and Jones, mind this affair is not talked about in the village."

Jones gave a ghastly grin, and swallowed his wine, and Bill did likewise; and in putting down his glass dropped a sovereign upon the mahogany, and could not see to pick it up; this was done for him by Thomson; after which the pair sidled and shuffled out, Jones turning round once to try and wink at me, but it was an ineffectual attempt, for his right eye would not open sufficiently for the purpose. As the door closed, I turned to Jack, and roaring with laughter, inquired: "What do you think of that?"

"Oh, hang it!" said Jack.

We had been fighting his own gamekeepers.

A PEEP INTO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY F. E. KAY.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof of the enclosed areas.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received the day before were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives, in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000, or $4,000,000 daily in notes. These are put up into parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years—at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill, which I saw running, and made again into paper. If, in the course of those ten years, any dispute in business or law-suit should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the Bank has its own papermakers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the bank.

On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to the other, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision, that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting *light* gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon the side of the box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher, and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and, strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me; "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling (five millions of dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the door was a director and the cashier counting the bags of gold, which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

CONSOLATION FOR EVERY TROUBLE.

Men are, under all circumstances, and in every age, in need of consolation. And the consolations of this world which are provided for by the Divine government are as manifold and large as are the troubles of men. We say, quoting, "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travelleth in pain together until now." We read that tears have flowed as rivers, that the history of the world has been a history of great crime and great sorrows consequent thereon, and that man has lived in trouble—and it is true. But we have not been accustomed to say or think what is equally true—that the consolations of heaven abound ever as the sorrows of sin abound—that the world is just as full of mercies as it is of evils. There are more provisions, divine and wonderful, for man's comfort, than there are tendencies and causes for his discomfort. If there are temptations, there are counter influences. If there are evil spirits, there are legions more of seraphic ones. If there is a providence of iniquity, there is a better providence that lifts men up from iniquity.

This seems very strange to men. Either view of this question seems strange. If we should assert that this is a troublesome world, the round, unwet cheeks of young misses and lads would be held up with honest, simple scepticism. Take men who have a good body and a good position in life, and you shall hear them saying: "This world is good enough for me." A man is loth to believe that this is a troublesome world, so long as he has good digestion, so long as he has a satisfactory estate, so long as he is well pleased in life, so long as he has sufficient conceit to make him contented with himself—for the philosopher's stone that turns everything to gold, is conceit in a man.

Many men are like an abandoned shutter that swings, grating and squeaking in every wind that blows. Many men go grating and squeaking through all their life. Nothing is right; they are not, their affairs are not, and their prospects are not. And from the force of their own personal discomfort, they come to be sceptical as to the existence of such a thing as a Divine government. Everything goes wrong, because this world is so full of suffering.

But wherever there is a trouble, there opposite to it is a mercy doubly great. Wherever there is a wickedness, opposite to it is more strength of virtue. Wherever there seems to be provision for trials, and afflictions, and grief, and tears, opposite to it is, at the same time, more abundant provision for things for relief, and rescue, and satisfaction.

GREATNESS may build the tomb, but goodness must make the epitaph.

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

During the present heated term, when the most attractive trip would seem to manny, to be a new expedition into the regions north of the Arctic Circle, in search of coolness this time, and *not* the vestiges of poor Sir John Franklin, the most popular dress fabrics are of the airiest materials.

For ordinary wear, nothing is more in favor than suits of linen, lawn, batiste and organdy. A new material has been introduced into the market, called Asiatic or Oriental linen. It is not as transparent as linen, or as close as batiste, but is a combination of the two. It comes plain and striped; and when the two varieties are used in the making up of a costume, the result is extremely tasteful and picturesque.

For instance, let the underskirt be of the plain, either mauve, brown or blue in tint; trimmed simply with side pleatings or folds in front. These are met by a wide Spanish flounce which extends across the back breadths, and which in turn is headed by a side pleating, or puff and ruffle of the striped. The upper part of the costume is either a loose polonaise, worn belted, of the striped goods, or else a basque-waist, with long tabs, and a short apron overdress. The sleeves are made rather shorter than usual, and are of the plain, coat shape to the elbow, where they are edged with a frill and side pleating of the plain colored material. This makes an extremely appropriate costume for the country or seaside wear.

A charming fancy for white seems to prevail this season among ladies of all eyes; and surely no purer taste could be evinced.

Morning dresses of soft finish cambric, Victoria and Bishop's lawn, are much worn. Some are very elaborate: the entire front being a succession of puffs, ruffles, tucks and embroidery sufficient to drive a laundress to the verge of suicide, or the new mode of departure, a dose of that very uncleanly stuff, Paris Green. Others again, are more simple, and, according to our taste, more elegant and ladylike. One, in partimular, we noted in the trousseau of a lovely young bride—a blonde. It was of the graceful Watteau shape, and had this peculiarity, that the broad Watteau plait at the back was tucked from the neck to the hem in horizontal tucks, a half inch in width, and about the same distance apart. The front was tucked longitudinally, about a hand-breadth's width on each side of the entire band, which latter was of fine French embroidery. Another new feature of the garment was the continuation of the Medicis ruffle, which went around the neck, down each side of the tucking; when it reached the waist, it was turned back to form a revers, and commenced to widen until when it ended at the hem, it was nearly six inches in width. Bows of velvet ribbon, deep violet in color, were worn with this dress at intervals down the front, down the Watteau plait behind and on the sleeves and square side pockets.

A most coquettish little cap of sheer, Swiss, ornamented with small bows of velvet, to match those worn on the dress, completed this very recherche morning attire.

Pleated waists of white nainsook or lawn, so long and so deservedly popular, are much worn. Not with the broad pleats of last summer, however. The newest have from three to four pleats an inch in width, or else a cluster of fine tucks, alternating with the inch pleat. Muslin tucked by machinery is being used for this purpose.

Among the varieties for summer fashions in lingerie, collars, ties, etc., are some very tasteful novelties. Little aprons of colored and black India silk, trimmed with one or two pleated ruffles of sheer Swiss muslin, are considered very jaunty for morning toilette. The pockets are square, and are sometimes of the silk edged with the muslin in narrow pleats; or else are made of the muslin in a full puff, gathered in place, and held in place by bows of ribbon of a color to match the apron. White organdy aprons, brightened with blue or rose-colored ribbons are worn also. Some of Swiss muslin embroidered in colored silks, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, are truly beautiful, but, of course, frail and expensive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EVA L. (Quebec, Canada).—Ninon is quite charmed by your interest. And so you could not possibly exist without the POST. That is a proof of your good taste, so we think. Certainly we will shop for you with great pleasure, and are certain we can please you also. You can obtain anything in the way of dress or jewelry which you desire, in Philadelphia. Write us soon, and send your order, to which we will attend as promptly as our time will permit.

MRS. L. H. P. (Richmond, Va.)—Sent box with articles of lingerie for bridal trousseau, and box of gloves with large fan, by Adams Express—C. O. D. Hope you have received them.

ANNIE LAURIE.—Yes, indeed, dear child, wear white by all means to be married in. And a veil, too, we think. Ask us any question you wish about "the dress." Will be glad to aid you in so important a matter; and feel confident that when you *do* wear it, your "Douglass tender and true," will think you entirely bewitching.

M. J. W.—Yes, we know the firm you mention. It is among the most honored and wealthy ones of the city.

JO. AND BERTH.—Certainly you have a right to wish to look "nice and pretty" if you are "only fourteen." Tell that big, naughty "brother Fred," Ninon thinks he ought to be ashamed to tease his twin sisters, and she hopes his "belle Irene," of whom he is always raving, will give him the tip of her "dainty prunella" some fine day, if he doesn't stop, and let you alone.

DESPAIR.—You are a silly child, indeed, to wish to dye your lovely auburn curls. Ninon admires the dear, little, silky tendril you sent her, as a specimen of its color, so much, that with your leave she will keep it, and put it in her collection.

MISS ESTELLE DEL.—Yes, will attend to it for you as soon as you send the list of articles desired.

And now, *au revoir* for the present,

NINON.

YOU KNOW WHO.

BY EMMA M. CASE.

Dost remember the time, in the summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Spattered with buttercups over and over,
Spattered with violets white and blue,
You went walking with—you know who?
Don't shake your ringleted head, I say,
In such a provokingly charming way!
Ye gods! how the color flies,
Don't hide your blue, blue eyes!
Say! don't you remember it; honestly—true?
You sweet little sinner, you know you do!

I could tell of a time in the summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Some one begged you would take him for a lover;
Told you your eyes were like violets blue—
You mischief!—I guess you remember it, too.
Don't shake your ringletted head, I say,
In such a bewitchingly saucy way—
Ye gods, how the color flies!
Hiding your blue, blue eyes!
Oh, *wondrously* poor must your memory be
If you've forgotten that "*some one*" was—me!

A RACE WITH A FLOOD TIDE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

While engaged coaling ship, on the west coast of Kamtschatka, a number of us met with a disagreeably exciting adventure, which I purpose making the subject of in this article.

We had been on shore hunting all day, and the officer of the deck had sent a boat for us towards evening, with orders "to work until the officers came down, and then to bring them on board." The firemen and boat's crews having worked at the coal as long as the tide would permit, had returned on board, shortly after noon, for the purpose of getting a few hours' rest, previous to the arrival of the next tide, for, as I have already remarked, we had to consult the height of the water in the selection of our working hours, and this often resulted in our devoting the day to sleep and the night to work.

Now the coxswain of this boat, which had been sent to take us off, instead of keeping her at the end of the promontory, where there was, even at dead low tide, water enough to float her, had pulled in over the mud-flat, and hauled her up on the beach, about half way between that point and the coal vein, and then, with the rest of the crew, walked along the beach (a distance of nearly a mile) to the expiring fire, which had been left by the firemen when they went on board. There they piled on a fresh supply of coal, and seating themselves around it began smoking their pipes, telling their several histories, spinning yarns, and making themselves as generally comfortable as the cold air and their wet feet would admit of. And this was the state of affairs that existed when our party arrived, and asked:

"Well, boys! where the boat?"

"Down along the beach, sir!" said the coxswain, as he jumped to his feet, and started off towards her. "We hauled her up nicely, clear of the water, before we came up, and buried the anchor in the sand. She can't get away, sir."

"I suppose not," I replied. "Why didn't you leave half the crew in her to keep her afloat? There's half a mile of mud between her and the water by this time."

And so it proved to be, for when we had turned a point and got her in view we saw the whole flat before us without sign of water near it, and thus found ourselves under the necessity of waiting for the next tide—three or four long, inactive hours to be passed in the cold air, with our wearied limbs and our empty stomachs as our only companions; the idea of dragging the boat through a half mile of mud and rocks being of course out of the question.

"A stupid piece of work, altogether!" remarked one of the party, in an irritated voice. "It *is* singular how many jackasses there are in the world."

The coxswain here looked very guilty, and to hide his confusion suddenly discovered an imaginary coal vein in the precipitous side of the mountain on our right.

"Never mind finding any more coal," I observed to him. "What I want you to do now, is to take two of the crew with you, and go and stay by the boat until the tide rises; then bring her up along the beach as the water deepens. We'll go back by the fire until then, and meet you as you come up."

So the rest of us retraced our steps, piled on more coal, and tried to imagine ourselves in a very comfortable situation.

By-and-by, as we were seated around the blazing pile, limbs began to feel less weary under the influence of returning warmth, eyes began to grow heavy in about the same proportion, heads began to bob about spasmodically, and even the breathing of some to become heavy and regular. Not a word had been spoken for—I can't say how long, for mine was one of those bobbing heads, and time had assumed a most misty appearance in its drowsy chambers.

Suddenly we were aroused by shouts, away down the beach, and springing to our feet, we found that night was closing around us, that the fire had burned quite low, and that hurried feet were approaching us from the direction of the boat. Excited voices, too, were borne to us upon the damp night air, telling us that something wrong had turned up at the boat, and awakening us most effectually. The next moment the breathless coxswain and his two companions rushed into sight, exclaiming, at the top of their voices,

"Come on, sir! Come quick, Mr. Smith! The tide's rising fast, and we've come up to let you know."

I don't know that I ever felt more like knocking a man down in my whole life, than I did at that moment. As for Vel Lager, he actually foamed at the mouth, in his desperate attempts to command enough English to convey his emotions.

That fellow had been left by the boat, with the previously-mentioned orders; and instead of obeying them, he had became frightened at the noise of the swelling tide, and wasted precious time by coming almost a mile to tell us that *it was rising*. And now we were left with but one alternative; we must either be content to remain where we were, out of reach of the water and leave the boat to beat about in the surf, and be probably drifted out to sea, or we must make a run for it, and try to reach her before the tide rose so high as to cover the beach and drown all who should not be able to swim back. We had traveled up and down that beach both by day and night, and knew well enough that there would be no use in trying to climb up those steep, almost perpendicular walls, when the water should wash us from our feet; our only hope would be in the untiring arm of the practised swimmer.

It was something of more than ordinary importance upon which we were now called upon to decide; and I am free to acknowledge, as I look back upon that darkening night, that I might have acted with much more prudence than I did; still, when some one cried out, "Let us run for it! there is yet time," I stopped to think no longer, but dropping my gun on the beach, and telling one of the men to come on with it as fast as he could, I started off on a full run, and was followed by the entire party.

And such a run as that was. I never engaged in anything approaching it before—I hope never to be engaged in anything similar to it again.

The lingering twilight of the almost endless arctic day, was at length giving place to a tardy night. The atmosphere was just cool enough to keep one from getting warm, even by running, and the confounded "boot-jack mixture" that was constantly crossing our path, more than once threw me down, at the eminent risk of breaking some limb, or even my neck. I could hear the increasing surging of the flood-tide as it rolled towards us, and the decreasing noise made by my companions as they hurried along after me; I was evidently distancing them slowly, and nearing the tide-rip rapidly.

I was either the worse scared man in the party, or I had the lightest pair of legs, one of the two. And I remember that thought flashing through my mind and causing me to laugh, as I looked ahead to the next breakfast-table, and heard some one say: "Oh! but you should have *seen Smith* run, that was the best part of it all." I heard this in the imaginary future, I say, *and smiled*, but I expect it was a most ghastly attempt.

At any rate, it was of short duration, for it fled before the increasing noise of the nearing tide, and left me with a feeling of startled alarm as my only companion. Yes, it was even something more than a feeling of startled alarm. It was much more like a bad scare, the feeling that possessed me, as my left foot just then sank into a streak of the "mixture," and caused me to measure my length on what fortunately proved to be good hard sand.

That particular streak happened to be narrow; and I was carried over it by my momentum, and was, moreover, very well satisfied to be able to pick myself up again, rub my skinned elbows, and continue the race, with anything but decreased speed.

There were two high points between our starting point and the boat, which ran down across the beach to about half tide mark, and I had now arrived at the first of them, just as the advancing ripple commenced to wash it. Doubling around it at full speed, with the water already ankle deep, I shouted to them behind—"Bear a hand! Bear a hand!"—and dashed along the next stretch of beach for the last point.

I now began to feel a little the worse for exercise. My skin was hot and dry, my knees decidedly weaker than at first, while my chest and throat actually seemed to burn under the constant friction of heavy and rapid breathing. My eyes, too, were dimmed by the extreme exertion, and a dizzy feeling about the brain advised me to slacken up or risk a probable fall. Still, knowing that everything now depended upon *some one reaching the boat before she was washed away*, and knowing also that I was the nearest one to her, it became me to continue lifting my feet and putting them down again as fast as possible. Could I but weather this last point all would be well, for I could then get in the boat and bring her around it for those who might arrive too late. It was this consideration which, combined with my "badly scared" condition, served to keep me up to my speed, while I felt every moment more and more like fainting.

At times I thought of giving in in spite of all this, but then I cast my eyes from the *inclined, wedge-like* surface of the foaming waters to the dark outlines of the point which was now only a few hundred yards ahead, and reflecting that I had only to round the latter and put my hand on the boat's gunwale, I straightened up bravely (in spite of my alarm) and threw myself bodily towards it, though my knees did tremble, my feet came down rather wildly, and my eyes grew dimmer and dimmer under such a combination of excitement and exertion.

Finally it was reached. And as I dragged myself heavily around it through the knee-deep water that broke around me, I saw the boat rolling from bilge to bilge in the rising surf a few rods ahead, and was so enlivened by the sight that I expended much of my remaining breath in an encouraging shout to my following companions. I had not arrived more than a minute or two too soon; a few moments later and she would have been afloat, possibly drifting out into the bay, and leaving us to swim, climb up the steep and crumbling sides of the promontory, or—sink.

I staggered up to her unsteady side, and, grasping her gunwales with both hands, strove to shove her into deep water, but my strength was all gone; I felt at once that I was powerless while alone, and so, with an exhibition of what I call a vast amount of common sense, I crawled over into the stern sheets, and was rolled from side to side for a minute or more until the others came up and pushed her into deep water. *I was used up.*

We now got out our oars, and while doing so drifted by the point we had so lately *waded around*, and one of the crew, shoving his boathook over the side, found *four feet* water where a minute before it had been *but knee deep*. We looked at the hopeless hill-side, shuddered, and felt thankful.

"You ought to have seen Smith run," remarked one of the party at breakfast the next morning. And Smith laughed, but *such* a laugh.

A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

NEVER be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the man was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave. It was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

DON'T STAY TOO LATE.

BY AUNT JEMIMA.

One of the advantages of being "past thirty" is that one now and then can put in a word of good, motherly advice to the other sex. So I'll begin at once, and say to any single gentleman reader who chooses to listen—Don't stay too late.

At the store or office? No. You know very well I don't mean that. I am not fighting imaginary dangers, but real ones; I mean simply, don't stay too late when you go to spend a quiet evening with a young lady. It is not fair; it is short-sighted, and it is pretty sure to wear out your welcome. Even if the poor thing is eventually to allow you to stop until death doth you part, that is no reason why you should bestow too much of your tediousness upon her at the outset. When she really wishes your visits to be longer, you'll know it; even then be chary of the moments after eleven. At any rate, don't suffer yourself to be misled by the usual commonplace forms of detention that, in nine cases out of ten, arise from a sudden consciousness on the lady's part that she may have been betraying her weariness rather too plainly. It won't hurt you to be longed for after you are gone; but beware of ever causing a girl to give a sigh of relief when the hall door closes after you. There is a sandman for the parlor as well as for the nursery; and after a certain hour, except in special cases, whenever he finds the eyes too well drilled to succumb to his attacks, he sprinkles his sand around the hearth. After that, your best efforts to please are wasted. Every word will grate, every winning attempt be met only with the silicate of emotion.

I know all about it. I've received young gentlemen visitors in my day; yes, and enjoyed receiving them, if ever a girl did. I'd think all day that perhaps John, for instance, might come in the evening; and on these occasions I've come down to tea with a rosebud in my hair, and a happy flutter in my heart. Yes, and I've started at the knock at the front door, and when at last he came in, smiling and bowing, I've looked just as if I didn't care a single bit. There were others, too—not Johns by any means, but friends who were always welcome, and whom it was right good and pleasant to see. But that fact did not make null and void all somnific law; it didn't make father and mother willing that the house should be open till midnight; it didn't make it desirable that I should feel a rebuke in everybody's "Good morning!" when, with throbbing head, I came down late to breakfast. No, you may be sure it didn't.

Therefore, I learnt soon to honor those who knew that it was time to go when half-past ten came; while those who didn't know were the bane of my existence. Now, never think that these friends stayed from kindliness to their weary hostess—not at all. They stayed probably because they had not the taste to go. They liked the warm room, perhaps, and dreaded the cold street; but beyond that they lacked the simple grace of taking themselves off promptly and handsomely. Ah! what a gift that is in a man or woman, to know when to go, and knowing it, to stand not upon the order of going, but go at once. I know a few such persons. They radiate peace and restfulness, or they sparkle and scintillate, or they arouse and inspire you, as the case may be. An hour glides away, then another, and in the midst of another you are conscious only of a gentle "Good-bye" flash, and they are gone. Then a hundred things rush upon you—you wish you had asked them this, or told them that; you think how pleasant it was to meet them, and you long to see them again.

So, dear single gentlemen, whoever and wherever you are, the next time you go out to spend a quiet evening with a lady, remember my words. Young girls are human; they require rest and sleep; they are amenable to the benefits of domestic system and order; they have a precious heritage of strength, health, and good looks to guard.

Don't go too late, and don't go by inches. "Good-bye" is the flower of a welcome. If you wish it to retain its aroma, the fewer leaves it sheds the better.

THE LOST ARTS.

A great deal of nonsense has been uttered by sensation lecturers and magazine writers about wonderful arts which perished with the ancients. To trust in the lamentations of these wiseacres over the "lost arts," one would think we had fallen upon very degenerate times indeed. But none of the doleful stories are true. Cleopatra, no doubt, was a very fine woman; but she never dissolved pearls in wine. Archimedes was a great man in his day; but he never set fire to the Roman ships with burning glasses, as the fable relates. The ancients had no useful arts which we do not understand better and practice more skillfully than they did. The humblest English mechanic could teach the polished Greek, and the cunning Egyptian, sciences and arts of which they never dreamed. The ancients, indeed, did many wonderful things which have not since been repeated, but they are only such things as are not worth doing over again. If we had occasion to build such a foolish thing as a pyramid, we would improve on our model in every respect; and instead of keeping a hundred thousand half-starved slaves at the work for twenty years, we should turn it out in a few months. If any people, now-a-days, lived in a condition like the ancients, they would be objects for sincere pity, and it would be our duty speedily to send missionaries among them. What a lamentable sight would be a nation of great mental vigor, half-clothed, and poorly fed, tilling the earth with wooden ploughs; without soap, pins, friction matches, or india-rubber! How queenly would one of our factory girls appear to them! How magical the art of a clock-maker! Beggars, now-a-days, with regard to the substantial comforts of life, fare better than ancient kings.

HEALTH is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial or restraint which we submit to for the sake of it is too much. Whether it require us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.

IF thou hast wit and learning, add to it wisdom and modesty.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed. In answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMUS.—The Count de Chambord is the senior representative of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon.

ANXIOUS.—The population of London, at the present time, has been officially stated to be 3,400,701, an increase since 1871 of 140,441.

DISPUTANT.—The extreme length of Great Britain, from Land's End to Dunnet Head (the most northerly part of Scotland), is 608 miles.

J. H. W. (Michigan.)—It is altogether a matter of taste, agreement, or convenience, how often a gentleman should write, when absent, to the lady to whom he is engaged.

S. C. A.—It would be an invidious task for us to say whose system is the best of all the different systems of Phonography in use in this country. The one you refer to (Pitman's) is undoubtedly a very good one, and is largely used by professional phonographers.

H. H. H. (Indiana.)—"Can you tell me where I can sell timber suitable to manufacture into veneering, such as black walnut forks, etc." The best way would be to operate through a reliable man in your immediate neighborhood. Walnut veneers are not in much demand, and the cost of freight would exceed profit.

G. M. C. (Indiana.)—You are mistaken in thinking that there was any law passed either during the late war or since, which so far altered the Naturalization Laws as to entitle every alien who enlisted for three years to full citizenship. The only inducements that were ever offered were the different bounties, and the increased facilities for taking up homesteads on government lands.

GOTHAM.—Yes; it is perfectly true that the population of London exceeds the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Allegheny City (Pa.). It is impossible to give you what you want, viz.: the exact figures as they at present stand, but the above was the result according to the census of 1870.

KNOW NOTHING.—According to the most reliable statistics which we can find, compiled from the last census report, the religious denomination which had the largest membership in 1870 was the Methodists, viz.: 5,028,350. The next was the Baptists, with a membership of 3,997,118; and the third the Presbyterians, with a membership of 2,98,900. 2. Your last two questions we could not attempt to answer.

R. BAXTER.—We can furnish you with all the back numbers of the POST containing "East Lynne," which commenced in No. 31, Vol. 52, at the rate of six cents each. 2. "Jasper Onslow" was begun in No. 37, Vol. 55, and we can also supply you with all the back numbers you may want at the same price. We are very glad indeed to hear that these two stories have pleased you so much.

FAIRY.—"Please tell me how to wash lace without spoiling it." You must first let it soak in soapsuds, then wash it gently in warm water. If it is a bad color, wring it carefully round a bottle and boil it, after thoroughly soaping it. Never wring it, but carefully squeeze it. If stiffening is required, put a lump of sugar in the rinse-water; but never use starch. When the lace is almost dry, take it and press it out flatly, but do not iron it.

T. T. T.—We have no faith whatever in the power of any one to delineate character from handwriting. Most assuredly we do not profess to be able so to do, and therefore we cannot comply with your request. We do not believe any one can do so, for the simple reason that handwriting is purely mechanical, and human character as variable as the wind. Brain power does not reside in the bones and muscles of the hand, and, therefore, style of penmanship cannot possibly afford any clue to the disposition of the individual.

TRAVELER.—The whole distance from Philadelphia to San Francisco is 3,214 miles. At the latter place connections can be made with a number of inland routes as well as steamship lines on the Pacific. Steamers leave San Francisco for Yokohama, Japan, and Hong Kong, China, three times a month. These steamers are 3,000 tons burthen. The distance to Yokohama is 4,714 miles, and to Hong Kong 6,364 miles. The time occupied in the voyage is about twenty-two days to the former place, and twenty-nine to the latter.

E. J. T., AN OLD READER.—The two phrases you quote are in totally different languages, one being in Latin and the other French. The first one, *Malatis mutandis*, means "the necessary changes being made." The other, *Noblesse oblige*, means "that the condition of nobility imposes an obligation to behave in a noble manner." You need make no apologies for writing to us for this information, as this column is specially intended for just such a purpose, and it affords us much pleasure to answer the queries put to us by our numerous friends, so far as it lies in our power to do so.

S. J. S.—As you so urgently wish us to give you what is known as Captain Hall's recipe for the cure of drunkenness, we do so with much pleasure, and hope that you may succeed in your contemplated good work. Let us know how you get on. The recipe is as follows: Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm. These are the proportions. You may expand the compound to any size you please—say to ten times the quantity—in order to make enough for ordinary use. The dose is a wineglassful twice a day. It acts as a tonic and stimulant, and thus in a measure supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, thereby preventing utter physical prostration.

INQUIRER.—"I have read of the expression 'Argus eyed,' applied to one whose sight was very quick, and who saw everything that was going on. Can you tell me whence the phrase 'Argus eyed' came?" Argus was, so the classics tell us, the son of Zeus and Niobe, and surnamed Panoptes because he had one hundred eyes, some of which were always awake. He was also endowed with wonderful strength. Juno had transformed Io into a cow, and appointed Argus, on account of his remarkable powers, to watch it. Zeus, desirous of getting the cow, sent Mercury for it. He accomplished his mission by charming Argus to sleep by playing on a flute, and then cut off his head. His hundred eyes were used by Juno to ornament the peacock's tail.

S. U. B.—The best way for you to find out quietly, and without making any unnecessary fuss, whether or not the young man really means business in the attention he has been paying you so assiduously, or whether he is only amusing himself, is to treat him coldly, refuse to see him occasionally, and not to allow him to engross the whole of your time and attention as you have been letting him do, to the exclusion of, perhaps, some one else who is more in earnest than he is. If he has ever meant anything serious this will bring him to his senses, and cause him to speak out. And if he has been only amusing himself at your expense, and has never had any serious intentions, your treating him as we advise will have the effect of making him drop off, and give room to some one else.

VIOLA.—We cannot speak as to the particular preparation to which you refer, as to whether the use of it for the purpose of improving your complexion would be "safe" or not. But this we can say, that the common ingredients in all such preparations, known as cosmetics, are arsenic, nitrate of bismuth, tartar emetic, colchicum, Spanish flies or cantharides, etc. If you will be wise and follow our advice, you will not go on using any such means of producing a clear complexion; but instead try the following: Plain, wholesome and nutritious food, abundance of fruit, frequent ablutions of the whole body, ample exercise in the open air, and plenty of sleep, going to bed early. Just try these remedies for say three months, and take our word for it, you will find they will not only give you a clear complexion, but improve your general health in a degree which you would hardly believe till you had tried it.

WANT TO KNOW.—The origin of the term "Union Jack," applied to the national banner of Great Britain, has been given in various ways, but to us only one of the solutions is satisfactory. The "Union" between England and Scotland, to which the flag owed its origin, evidently supplied the first half of the compound title. There can be little doubt we think that the flag of Union received its title of "Union Jack" from the circumstance of the union between England and Scotland having taken place in the reign of King James, by whose command the new flag was introduced. The name of the king in French, "Jacques," would have been certainly used in heraldic documents; the Union flag of King "Jacques" would very naturally be called after the name of its royal author, Jacques' Union, or Union Jacques, and so by a very simple process we arrive at Union Jack.

MINNIE O. says she is a young wife, and just because she happens to be of a cheerful and happy disposition, the exuberance of her spirits and buoyancy of her manner have made her the subject of much painful gossip and slander among certain of her friends; the very worst interpretations are put upon her most innocent actions, etc. So long as Minnie has the love and confidence of her husband, which by her letter she appears to have, she has not much to fear. He will shield her against all the spite and envy of her enemies. Still we must, in all kindness, tell her that a married woman cannot be too circumspect in her everyday demeanor. She should have left a good deal of the thoughtless giddiness of her girlhood at the altar. The world requires that some deference be paid to its opinions and sense of decorum, and it is very exacting in some particulars. We do not mean by this that a married woman should put on airs of reserve, or affect to be prudish or proud; but she may be quiet and natural, and keep her high spirits in subjection to the ordinary conventional rules.

HALLIE M.—We can fully understand your feelings, and think that your mother makes a great mistake in insisting upon your continuing to study music when you have no real taste for it, and, when, in fact, to use your rather forcible and not very elegant phrase you "hate it like poison." If a person is not really musical, instruction after a certain time is only wasted. Beyond becoming intelligently acquainted with the theory of music, there is nothing to be gained by long continued musical study where there is no real taste for it. It were better far that your mother should let you try drawing or painting, or any other art, instead of concentrating all your energies on the piano, which you will never play well. You have lost nothing, however, in having learnt to play on the piano—so far as you have gone. The study of the piano is said to be valuable to every one as a means of mental training. A good play on the piano not unfrequently takes the place of a good cry, and a climb of ill-temper had much better break forth in music than in scolding.

ELISE.—You must not expect us to countenance you, or to say anything that will even appear as countenancing you in the clandestine courtship which we regret to hear has been going on for so long a time unknown to your parents. You say that they are opposed to the young gentleman "without any reasonable cause," and that you love him too dearly to give him up because they desire you to do so. Your parents can have no other motive than an anxious desire for your present and future happiness; and you cannot but allow that they are more likely to be better able to judge what is best for you than you yourself. Look at it in any light you please, this secret love-making is disreputable. In the first place, the concealment implies a doubt of the integrity of one of the parties. Either the man is ashamed of the woman, or the woman of the man, or some-body interested is ashamed of one or other of them; or they design to deceive a trusting parent or guardian. Besides being morally wrong, it is injurious to present prospects and character, especially with respect to the woman. She compromises her reputation for people *will* talk. Scandal will originate, and society, as we all know, is only too prone to be censorious. If you will follow our advice you will give up the clandestine courtship, and insist upon its being carried on in an open and manly manner, without any attempt at concealment or disguise—or put an end to it altogether.

J. J. P.—"Reading an old book lately, I came to the phrase 'To be hanged without benefit of clergy,' and have been puzzling myself to find out what it meant. Can it mean that the intention of the sentence was to increase the severity of the punishment by sending the culprit to the other world without giving him the privilege of seeing and speaking to a clergyman or priest? I would be much obliged if you would enlighten me on this point." This expression, "benefit of clergy," relates to happily a former state of the law of England, which at once shows the power of the clergy and the ignorance of the people at that period of time. It was not the design of the framers of the sentence you quote that the unfortunate individual to be hung was to be denied those spiritual ministrations which the coldest form of charity would not refuse to the condemned. The real meaning and force of the phrase was the total exemption of the clerical order, in respect to all crimes and offences, from the jurisdiction and authority of secular judges, a privilege enjoyed by the clergy in those days when justice was hampered by superstition. They were answerable only to their own ordinary. In course of time this privilege was extended to all who could *read*, whether of clergy or laity. This privilege was so flagrantly abused, and led to so much confusion, that it was deemed in 1827 too extravagant for a civilized people, and in that year benefit of clergy was utterly taken away and abolished; and is now, equally with the privilege of sanctuary, only known as a curious historical relic of barbarous times.

CROQUET.—We agree with you that Croquet is one of the best out-door games that has ever been invented. Besides being one in which every one can mingle with equal pleasure, it affords ample opportunities for lively conversation; for the agreeable exchange of—well, love passages; and, whether the same be proper or not, any amount of flirtation. The game, as it is now played, is decidedly a modern one, though its origin may be easily traced back to the time of Charles II, when a French game called pall-maillio was the aristocratic game of those days in St. James' Park. The game, which was somewhat like croquet, was essentially a masculine one. Who was the happy individual who introduced it in its present form, so as to enable ladies to join it, is not known, nor even who gave it the name. There have been several explanations as to the origin of the name, but the only one that, in our opinion, comes at all near the mark is one which ascribes it to a French expression: "Croquer le marmot," which means "to dance attendance on." Surely people do dance attendance one upon the other at croquet. Are not the balls continually running after each other all over the ground, and meeting rebuffs too, which generally fall upon those who dance attendance upon others? It never occurred to us that there were any "moral features" in the game of croquet until we read the following remarks, which we give, as perhaps they may be as novel to you as they were to us. "Croquet," he says, "teaches men that a game is never won until it is lost; and women, that it is never lost until it is won. Thus it impresses a much-needed lesson upon each. Another moral feature of croquet is this—that whilst its laws in no way detract from that courtesy which is due from the stronger sex to the weaker, it compels man to show no ridiculous and unnatural mock-deference and forbearance to women, but metaphorically to knock them about as equals; and it instructs women, that though in extreme emergencies, and in 'staying power,' men are their superiors, in the intermediate affairs of life there is very little to choose between the capacities and rights of the two; on the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, for both sexes, croquet is peculiarly part of a liberal education."

MISCELLANEOUS. H. L. P.—You must see that we cannot answer your question without making unpleasant mention of names; so we must decline doing so. J. P. D.—To acquire a fluency of speech you should practice with a literary or debating society. JAMES M.—We do not believe that it is possible for anyone to learn the art of ventriloquism, unless he be specially gifted therefor. IDA.—You were quite right in declining the attentions of the young man, if you knew him to be wild and dissipated. F. G. RICHARDSON.—The city of London is the largest city in the world. The four largest cities in the United States are New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Baltimore. G. K. A.—It is a perfect matter of indifference whether in walking with two ladies you walk in the middle or on the outside. E. F. H.—You are altogether too young yet to frequent gentlemen's society. L. E. R.—We could not answer your question, as to do so we would gratuitously advertise the concern, and this you could hardly expect us to do. GEO. F.—The only way in which you can hope to get the nomination is by applying to the member of Congress from your district. HOPEFUL N.—We have no knowledge of the individuals or the institution referred to in your letter. S. J.—Your handwriting is good, and exactly adapted for the kind of work named. RESIE.—It is extremely improbable that you will grow any taller, and your present stature is below the medium height. R. M. R.—You should consult a doctor about your ailment. It is impossible for any stranger to advise.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*